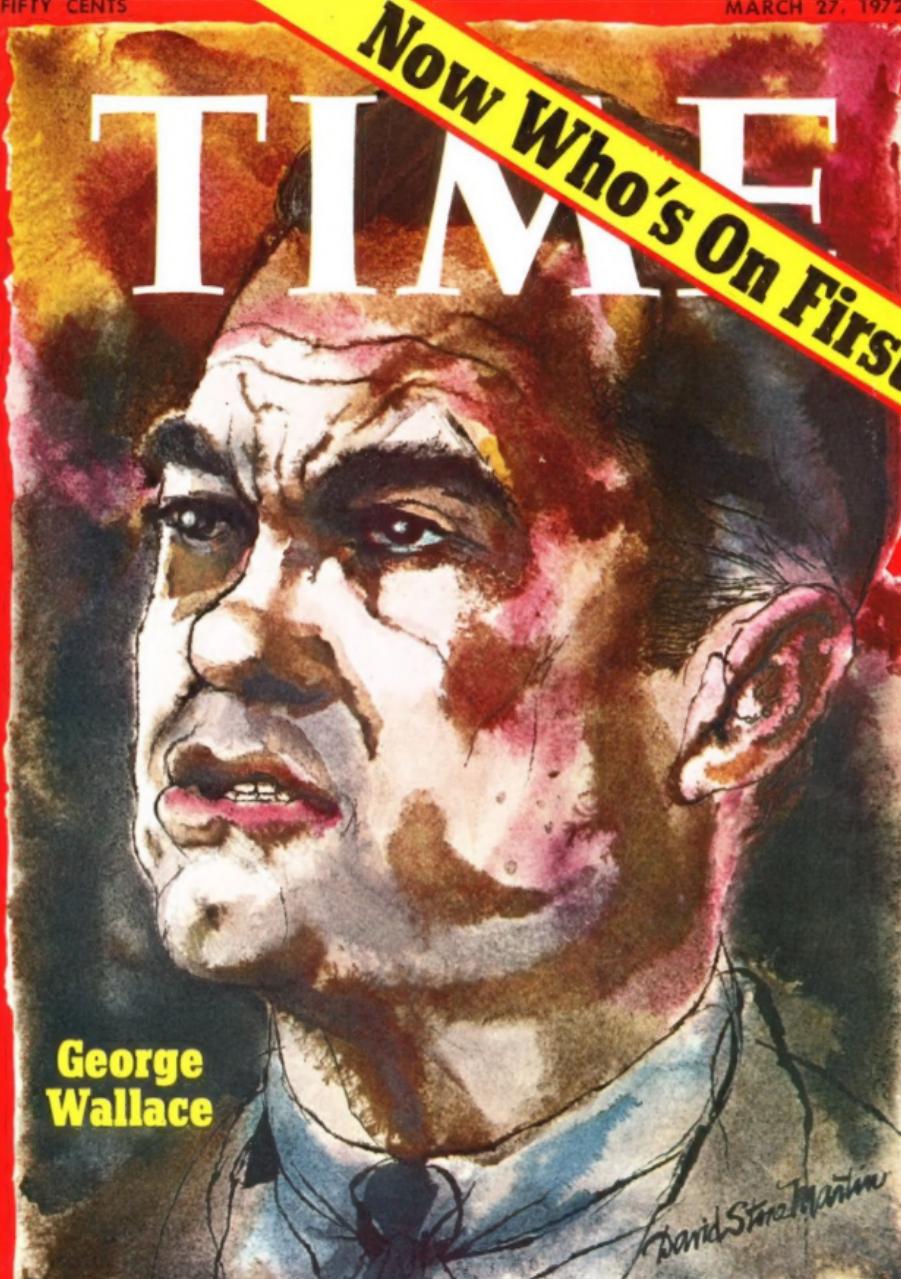


FIFTY CENTS

MARCH 27, 1972

TIME

Now Who's On First?



George
Wallace

David Stone Martin

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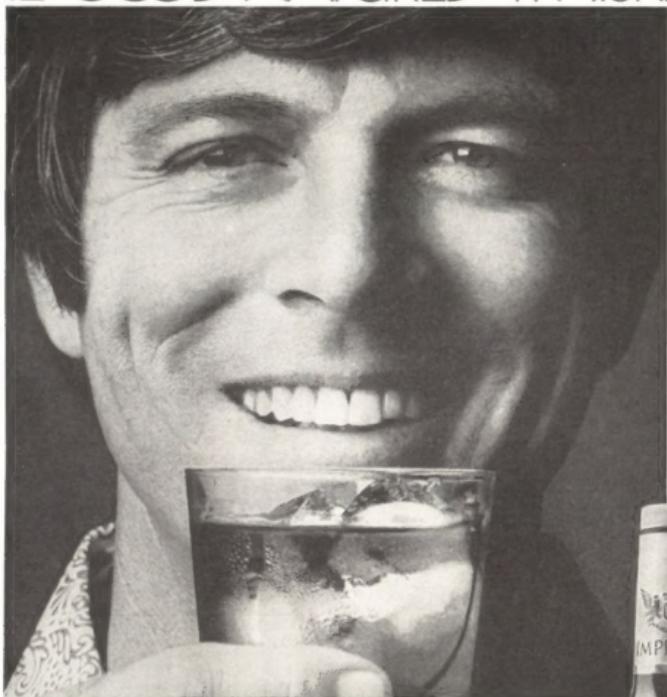
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Find out what's wrong with your car in your living room, instead of on the road.

Would you know what was wrong if you got clicks instead of juice when you turned on your ignition? Or, if your power steering suddenly started to jabber away, would you know what it was trying to tell you?

To get you on better terms with your car, the makers of Fram filters are bringing you a

program called the National Automotive Trouble Quiz.

You'll learn how to diagnose the symptoms in your car while they're still symptoms, and how to treat them before they grow into diseases.

And your teachers will be Dave Garroway, Peggy Cass, Peter Revson and Louis Nye.

So, in addition to doing a lot of learning, you'll also be doing a lot of laughing.

Tune in, if not for your sake, then at least for the sake of your car.



The National Automotive Trouble Quiz—Sunday, March 26*



*Dates may vary in some areas. See your local TV listings for exact date, time and station.



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The interior is in luxurious beige or black Lamont cloth (or if you prefer, at additional cost, you may order beige or black leather accented with vinyl). Carpeting is long-sheer, 25 ounce cut-pile nylon.

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The Lincoln Continental Town Car has the widest track in the land—and all the stability that goes with it.

Premium grade radial-ply tires are standard. As are power steering, power front disc brakes and automatic transmission. And Sure-Track, America's first computer-controlled anti-skid braking, is available.

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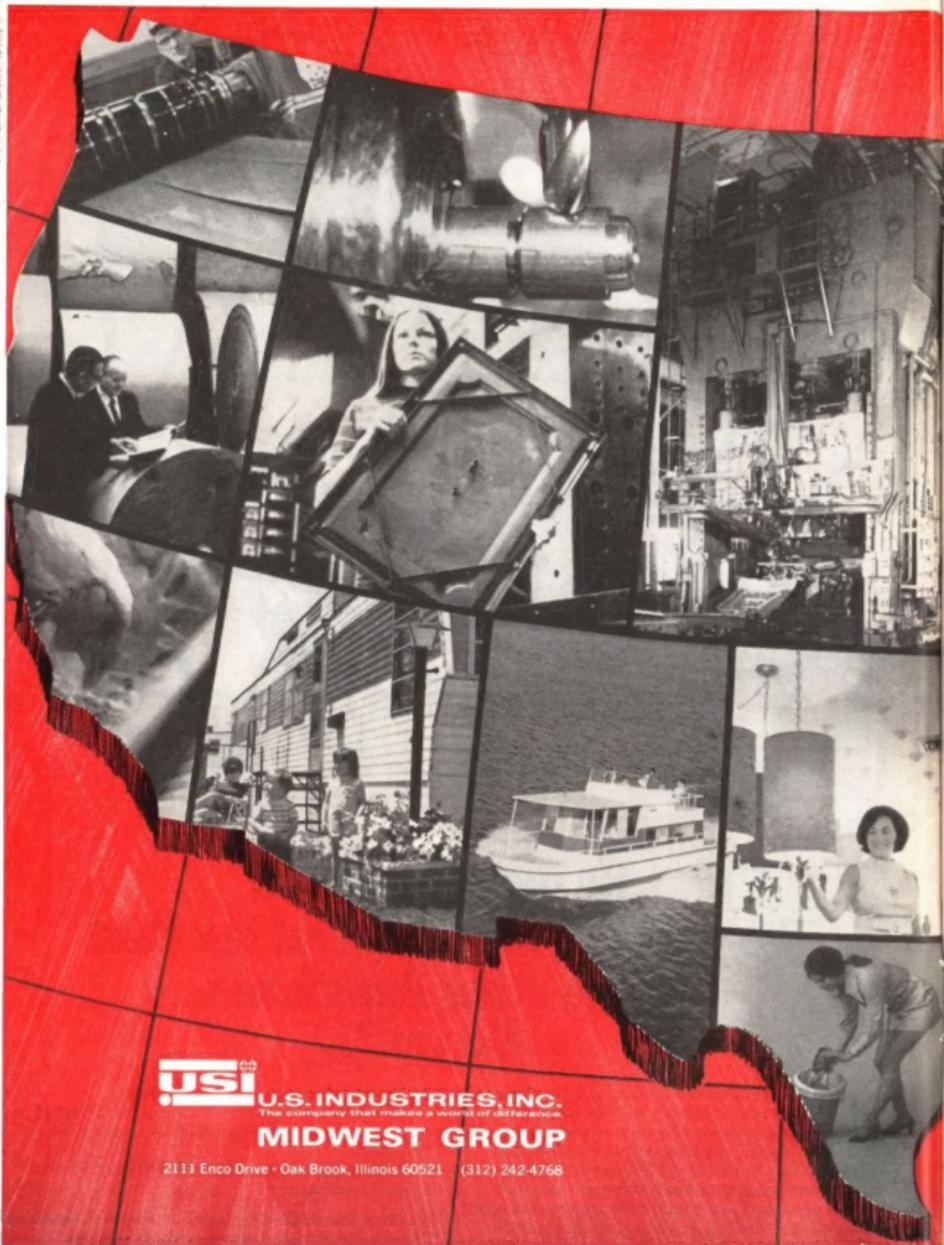
And those who don't pay? They get their electricity from government owned or government financed power systems. Even though these systems add up to a multibillion-dollar business supplying electricity, current federal tax laws have exempted them from

billions of dollars in taxes over the years.

With everyone feeling the burden of his individual tax load, it's only right that each of us shoulder his fair share.

We believe this is a matter worthy of some serious thought by all of us.

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*For names of sponsoring companies, write to: Power Companies, 1345 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York 10019



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LETTERS

Nixon's Trip to China

Sir / I am proud of our President! On his trip to China [March 6], Mr. Nixon conducted himself with assurance, dignity and sincere understanding of the mission that he was performing for the entire world.

JOHN P. McCULLEN
Philadelphia

Sir / Although not a traditional supporter of President Nixon and his policies, I applaud his timely acceptance of the changing conditions in the world today. The President's public recognition of the ever-present power and influence of Red China evidence the political and diplomatic element essential to our nation's future security. If pragmatism is indeed to be the byword for U.S. policy, then all the better for the American people.

BARBARA LANGRUM
St. Louis

Sir / Well, President Nixon finally made it to Mainland China. Now I wonder how long it will be before he visits Harlem, Watts, Appalachia, the migrant labor camps or an Indian reservation?

WILLIAM J. HAFNER
Loring AFB, Me.

Sir / I was intrigued by your observation that the Chinese appear to be a happy people. Enslavement and total thought control tend to breed ignorant bliss. The Chinese are "happy" only because they know no other life-style. All memory of pre-Communist times has been eliminated by Mao's indoctrination.

WINSTON C. CAVIN
Chapel Hill, N.C.

Sir / You say that there has been some alienation among the young people of China, because of suppression of the free-ranging life of the mind. What then, could have caused the young people of this country, who surely have the most free-ranging life of the mind in the world, to turn to drugs and violence?

(MRS.) TAMARA SPATZ
Miami Beach

Sir / Re the President's trip to China: one small step for mankind; one giant leap for Richard Nixon.

MARSHAL PHILLIPS
Hollywood

Sir / The pandas are nice, but Mao should have sent Pat home with a Pekingese—you know, a Chinese Checkers.

MARY LEIBMAN
McHenry, Ill.

Sir / I think comparing the Chinese people to an American standard was unfair.

The Chinese people are now better off than they were many years ago. I believe China to be far ahead of the U.S. and many other nations in striving for its goals and in the concern it shows for its people. Try to get a doctor to your house, much less one in his bare feet.

CHARLES MILLER
Jackson, Miss.

Listening to the Voices

Sir / I was appalled to learn of Senator Fulbright's efforts to silence Radio Free Europe and Radio Liberty [March 6]. I did agree with the Senator that the war in Viet Nam was wrong, but this policy of avoiding conflict and appeasing the Russians and Chinese is worse.

America has lost some of its venturesomeness and taste for political engagement vis-a-

How we gave Fala the run of Hyde Park during World War II.

Or why ADT burglar alarms only bug burglars.



Actually our client was worried about a lot more than burglars.

when ADT was assigned to install a security system at Hyde Park during World War II.

Nevertheless, a certain dog-lover insisted his little Scottie have a complete run of the grounds.

Our solution: A system of invisible rays aimed high enough to detect an intruder but not a romping dog.

We call it our liveability factor.

Family convenience is one reason we almost always insist on doing a custom installation job to protect premises against burglaries and fire. Our 97 years in the security business have taught us there's just no kind of buy-it-off-the-shelf gadget that won't bug you more than it does burglars.

And that goes for those "black boxes" now on the market which rarely do the job without additional safeguards. At a minimum, they need customizing to your potential problems and your home plus the backing of a good service organization.

Crooks give us our favorite testimonial.

What do you end up with when ADT gets through?



An installation designed not to disrupt your household, for one thing. And make no more mess than the telephone man does.

What you'll have is a system that's customized to your home with the right devices to help protect you from burglars and warn

you quickly in the event of fire. Try "plugging in" security like that.

Does it work? Perhaps our favorite endorsement is implicit in a rule of thumb that we understand has wide currency in the underworld: "Never even try to knock off a place when you see the ADT sticker."

"Will I have anything left to steal?" We find many people are pleasantly surprised to learn that ADT protection against both burglary and fire is not really that much more expensive than the competition. The best rarely is in the short run. And never is in the long run.

For average-sized homes, ADT alarm system prices range from \$500 to \$1,500.

We can bust them as well as bug them.

ADT can give you even more than the best security systems in the world. We can give you someone who'll respond to an alarm. Because only ADT has a nationwide network of central stations, each manned 24 hours a day to both monitor your system and send help when an alarm goes off.

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TIME
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invites you on a food-lovers "tour" of provincial France

...yours for 10 days free reading from *Foods of the World*

Here is an invitation to take a delightful kind of journey through the provinces of France. You may stop and "visit" such fascinating places as an open-air market in Gascony or a charming old inn on the road to Chartres. And you'll "collect" authentic recipes all along the way for the simple, hearty, superbly flavorful regional specialties of the land.

Perhaps one of the first you'll try will be a savory *cassoulet*...the stew of meats and beans so famous in Languedoc. Or you might be in the mood for something sweet and light...such as a *soufflé au Grand Marnier*. The choice is yours. And you'll probably want to try every delicious hors d'œuvre, soup, entrée and dessert in *The Cooking of Provincial France*.

Famous authorities show you the way

Your guides are M. F. K. Fisher, the gifted author and expert on French country-style cooking; Julia Child, television's famous "French Chef"; and the late Michael Field,

one of America's foremost cooking teachers. With the big, beautiful volume they helped to create for TIME-LIFE BOOKS, French country-style cooking is wonderfully easy. For the book doesn't just tell you how—it actually shows you how—with step-by-step picture directions.

The book also brings you a knowledge of fascinating regional traditions and cuisines, and suggests ways to adapt and use some of these intriguing customs in your home.

The Cooking of Provincial France is the introductory volume in FOODS OF THE WORLD—a remarkable, illustrated library from TIME-LIFE BOOKS that offers authentic recipes and fascinating cooking lore from all the major cuisines of the world. This is the first series to picture, in the beautiful full-color style of TIME-LIFE BOOKS, exactly how to prepare the most delectable dishes of many lands. Each volume is the work of experts in the cuisine of that particular country. Before inclusion, every recipe was tested in our own kitchens under the supervision of

the late Michael Field. Every volume comes with its own handy spiral-bound Recipe Booklet, like the one shown here that comes with *The Cooking of Provincial France*. The Recipe Booklets are included without extra charge.

Sample it for 10 days

We'd like to send you the introductory volume, *The Cooking of Provincial France*, for a 10-day free examination. Then, if you wish, you may return it and owe nothing. But if you do want to own it, it is yours for only \$5.95 (\$6.25 in Canada), plus shipping and handling. Then you will receive another volume in the series for full examination every other month, and to keep it, if you wish, at the same low price of \$5.95 plus shipping and handling. But by accepting this invitation, you make no promise to buy anything. To receive the first volume for a 10-day free examination, simply mail the postpaid order form or write to TIME-LIFE BOOKS, Dept. 5201, Time & Life Building, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

Recipes: *The Cooking of Provincial France*



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Scallops à la parisienne presented with each individual portion set in a shell.



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Three typical hearty soups... split pea, vegetable and French onion.

Steps to a Beef à la Terrine



Beef à la terrine is a traditional dish from the Auvergne region of France.



He's locked into childhood by a disease that's already licked.

What happened was measles. Common measles. And what's tragic is that it should never have happened at all.

To most people, measles is simply a childhood nuisance. But statistics don't bear them out.

During the height of the measles season, 10,000 children are stricken every three days. 60 are hospitalized, 10 develop inflammation of the brain, 3 become mentally retarded. And one dies.

There's just no excuse for this disastrous waste. Since 1965, the measles vaccine developed by Dow has more than proved its worth. And the cost of immunization is low compared to the consequences of the disease, the staggering expenditure in medical care and the enormous number of school days missed.

But after several years of dramatic decline, measles is now galloping back. Because even the best preventive is powerless if people refuse to use it.

The answer is not more of our vaccine. There's already plenty of that. It's community awareness of the threat measles poses to our children. And community action to stop the disease in its tracks.

At Dow, we're concerned with more than chemistry. We're concerned with life. And despite our imperfections, we're determined to share its promise. Wisely.

For a booklet on measles vaccination, write The Dow Chemical Company, Midland, Michigan 48640.







Cadillac. Wherever men seek to excel.

The more a person strives for excellence in his life, the more likely he is drawn inevitably to Cadillac. For this is the car that stands for excellence itself, with styling that is both classical and contemporary. With ever greater measures of comfort and convenience. Yet Cadillac's reputation in these regards tends to overshadow other, equally sig-

nificant factors. Excellence of engineering. Infinite care in manufacturing. The things that add up to driving peace of mind. It's also easy to forget that Cadillac is an excellent value—that Cadillac's resale value is traditionally highest of any car built in the land. So why admire it from afar? An authorized Cadillac dealer is just a few iron shots away.



Achievement is in the air. Cadillac and others are making real contributions to relieve the smog crisis from the smoggiest problem. You too, can make a contribution by using regular low-lead fuels. Getting a regular tune-up. Having emission control systems on your car checked regularly. Thank you. Cadillac Motor Car Division.



Cadillac 
See Masters golf with Cadillac
CBS-TV, April 8, 9

vis Communism, and in some respects that is a good thing. But the simple humanitarian concern for truth ought to keep these radio stations alive.

HELMUT HOLTZ
Tokyo

Sir / I would like to emphasize that the liquidation of Radio Free Europe would be interpreted by the peoples of Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Poland and Rumania as final recognition by the United States of the present status quo and of the permanence of Soviet rule in East Europe.

Surely this would not kill their striving for independence, but, paradoxically, it might result in shifting their hopes toward Communist China, which alone of the great powers shows some interest in East European countries regaining their independence.

In addition, the closing of Radio Free Europe would represent an unwarranted gift to Soviet Russia, which pours out "hate America" propaganda 900 hours daily in 78 languages.

STEFAN KORBONSKI
Chairman
Assembly of Captive European Nations
New York City

Sir / It seems that the only source of factual information for Radio Free Europe and Radio Liberty is the same group of East European newspapers and magazines already available to the people that these radio stations are supposedly informing. The only example given of a "deduction" made by them (i.e. the Polish government's encouraging alcoholism) is nothing but gossip-mongering.

What would be the credibility of a radio station based in Havana, aimed at the U.S. and manned mainly by people who had defected? Senator Fulbright remains one of the few sane voices in Washington.

JOEL WAI Z
Toulouse, France

Head in the Sand

Sir / It was interesting to note the change in Book Critic A. T. Baker's tone as he reviewed Merle Miller's *On Being Different* and Dennis Altman's *Homosexual: Oppression and Liberation* [Feb. 28].

Miller's short book is personal testimony and was viewed as well written and "courageous." Altman's more scholarly work, however, poses some threat in that he seeks not only acceptance but social change and compares the homosexual life-style with "accepted" social values.

Millions of homosexuals, women and men, will no longer accept condescension. To deny the validity of the life-style of such a large and increasingly vocal minority group is simply to bury one's head in the sand.

GAIL A. WOOD
Hackensack, N.J.

Sir / Your review of Dennis Altman's book is an unfair putdown. Your reviewer's statement that "homosexual love is regarded as deviant because no children can be born of it" is pure nonsense. Is sex over 60 deviant? Is sex for a vasectomized man deviant? Is sex for a woman after a hysterectomy deviant?

The important thing is to love, to have the ability to project this strong emotion toward another human being. The sex to whom this love is directed is quite as unimportant as the physical means by which it may be expressed.

DAVID MOORE JONES
Grand Blanc, Mich.

Sir / Your Books section treats homosexuality somewhat lightheartedly.

The Bible says (*Leviticus 20: 13*): "If a man also lie with mankind, as he lieth with a woman, both of them have committed an abom-

ination; they shall surely be put to death"

It would appear to be fortunate for those of the gay fraternity that they are not living in Old Testament times.

ALAN N. DODD
Palo Alto, Calif.

The Bard and Bigotry

Sir / How dare you accuse the Bard of Avon of bigotry in your American Note on ethnic insults [Feb. 28].

Anyone who has read the footnotes in his undergraduate Shakespeare knows that the meaning of the line "He smote the sledged Polacks on the ice" from *Hamlet* is disputed. While some manuscripts read "Polacks," most others read "Polas." Since there is no other reference to an incident involving Poles, critics generally agree that Shakespeare was referring to a heavy or "leaded poleax" that the king smote on the ice.

JOHN M. POWERS
Tustin, Calif.

Sir / Any "Bowler" intelligent enough to attend a performance of *Hamlet* should realize that "Polack" is simply the Polish word for "Pole" and not the ethnic slur the Polack joke craze has made it.

BETSY TWIGG
Arlington, Va.

No Dinner Invitation

Sir / I am calling your attention to the item in the People section [Feb. 28], concerning a dinner invitation that my wife [Merle Oberon] and I supposedly extended to President and Mrs. Johnson.

The information is entirely inaccurate and misleading. My wife left Acapulco before the arrival of President and Mrs. Johnson; she has been in Yucatan, making a film. I myself have

not been in Acapulco since Christmas. We respect President and Mrs. Johnson and we cherish their friendship; however, this time we did not have an opportunity to contact them.

BRUNO PAGLIAI
Mexico City

No Work, No Pay

Sir / Notwithstanding Senator Margaret Chase Smith's proposed constitutional amendment to expel Senators who miss more than 40% of the Senate's votes [March 6], I think a simpler, more effective solution would be to dock the \$42,500 salary of any errant Senator on a graduated scale. The more votes he missed, the more he would be docked. At least it might give some of us harried taxpayers struggling with our 1040s a bit of satisfaction and perhaps remind some of those political princes of the good old American tradition of no work, no pay.

ARLIE R. GLOWKA
Stamford, Conn.

Sir / I am available to serve in the U.S. Senate at a yearly salary of \$42,500. I promise to serve diligently and strictly attend to the business at hand five days a week. I would decline travel expenses, since my work would keep me at the Senate. I would urge the Government Printing Office to submit a yearly list of attendance by all the members of the Senate. This list would apprise constituents of the way to vote at the next election.

GENNIS M. OERAGI
Edison, N.J.

Worse Than Blind Politicians

Sir / The long-term performance of the value-added tax, which President Nixon is reported to be considering [Feb. 28], is devastating. It creates a phenomenal burden to mass consumption and distribution, overtaxes the wage earner, favors the large and long-established industries while sterilizing the young and aggressive ones. More than 1,000 blind politicians, it has the frightening power to freeze an economy.

I have seen what the VAT has done to my former country (France), and when I see the VAT coming to my new country I am running scared.

JACQUES M. LECOU TURIER
San Francisco

Sir / VAT reminds this writer of a chain letter, where the name at the top, in this case the U.S. Government, gets all. The last name on the list, the U.S. Consumer, gets taken.

There is also the extra bonus for the states—the sales tax we'd end up paying on the entire amount.

BERNICE FRIEDMAN
Canton, Ohio

Musical Touch

Sir / I read your article "Phoney Tunes" [March 6] with interest and amusement. At least one other person thought of using the pushbutton phone in this manner fully two years ago. In March of 1970, my husband composed an original piece for Studio Band and Telephones called the *Touchtone Concerto*. This was done with the blessing and assistance of Southwestern Bell Telephone Company here in Dallas. It was written especially for an Arts Festival at Dallas Baptist College and was premiered by the Dallas Baptist College Studio Group and four faculty soloists.

BARBARA GILLIES
Dallas

Sir / Kenneth Ascher must relinquish his title as creator of "phoney tunes." I remember the steno pool girls at Shell Oil Co. in Scarsdale, N.Y., playing *Jingle Bells* on their phones dur-

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Mail me a free copy of your 64-page booklet, "Understanding Your Life Insurance."

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Rating the

In tests by two of Europe's leading motor magazines, steel-belted

1969: Auto Motor und Sport Magazine

1 ST	Uniroyal 180	(Steel)
2 ND	Michelin XAS	(Steel)
3 RD	Phoenix Sen.	(Fabric)
4 TH	Metzeler Monza	(Fabric)
5 TH	Fulda P 23	(Fabric)

These tests included: handling on curves, steering exactness on a zig-zag slalom course, braking distance and behavior, acceleration and skid resistance on a wet circular track, comfort and wear. In addition, Auto Motor und

1970: Auto Motor und Sport Magazine

1 ST	Uniroyal 180	(Steel)
2 ND	Pirelli CN 36	(Steel)
3 RD	Michelin zX	(Steel)
4 TH	Kleber V 10	(Fabric)
5 TH	Semperit	(Fabric)
6 TH	Dunlop SP 68	(Fabric)

Sport included a test for tire noise in '69, winter suit-

Although radial tires are big news in the U.S. today, they have been widely used in Europe—and increasingly preferred—for the past fifteen years.

To a European motorist, the question today is not whether to get a radial, but what kind of a radial to get.

To help answer that question, two of Europe's leading motoring magazines—"Auto Motor und Sport" and "Auto Zeitung"—conducted exhaustive track tests of the most famous European radial tires. (Test criteria are described above.)

The results show that steel-belted radials as a group received higher overall ratings than fabric-belted radials, winning both first and second places

in 1969, 1970 and 1971. They did not, of course, win in every test category.

The steel-belted radial tires have a built-in advantage which was not included in these tests—substantially greater protection against cuts and punctures—because the belts under the tread are made of steel wire. (Cuts are the major cause of tire failure, by the way.)

Uniroyal steel-belted radials are now available in the United States.

We are pleased to be able to tell you that the Uniroyal 180 steel-belted radial—which won first place



e radials.

radial tires received higher overall ratings than fabric-belted radials.

1971: Auto Motor und Sport Magazine

1 ST	Metzeler Monza	(Steel)
2 ND	Conti TS 771	(Steel)
3 RD	Uniroyal 180	(Steel)
4 TH	Phoenix Sen.	(Fabric)
5 TH	Fulda P 25 Rib	(Fabric)
6 TH	Goodyear G800	(Fabric)

ability in '70 and aquaplaning tendency in '71.

1971: Auto Zeitung Magazine

1 ST	Uniroyal 180	(Steel)
2 ND	Michelin zX	(Steel)
3 RD	Pirelli CF 67	(Fabric)
4 TH	Conti TS 771	(Steel)
5 TH	Kleber V 10	(Fabric)
6 TH	Conti TT 714	(Fabric)
6 TH	Fulda P 25 Rib	(Fabric)
8 TH	Dunlop Sp 57F	(Fabric)
9 TH	Phoenix P110Ti	(Fabric)
10 TH	Bridgestone	(Fabric)
10 TH	Metzeler Monza	(Steel)
12 TH	Metzeler Monza	(Fabric)
13 TH	Goodyear G800	(Fabric)

overall in three out of four of the above series of tests—is now available in this country in sizes to fit most of the popular European cars.

In addition, Uniroyal is now making a steel-belted radial especially designed for American cars, called the Uniroyal Zeta 40M. This tire is being produced in the United States.

Other companies are beginning to offer you steel-belted radials. But bear in mind that the steel-belted radial is a more difficult tire to make because steel is a more difficult material to work with.

Uniroyal has made more than 20 million steel-belted radials over the past 12 years, and knows how to make them properly.

In fact, there are only two tire companies in the world that have this much experience in making steel-belted radials—Michelin and Uniroyal.

When you go to buy a steel-belted radial, don't let them sell you just a radial tire or a steel-belted tire. It's not the same thing.

Here is how to tell what you're getting. If the dealer tells you it's a "radial tire", you can be pretty sure it's a fabric-belted radial. If he tells you it's a "steel tire," the chances are it's a steel-belted bias construction. (That is, a conventional tire, without the performance advantages of a radial.) If it's a steel-

belted radial, you can bet your boots he's going to let you know it!

Would you like to know the name of a dealer in your locality where you can get Uniroyal steel-belted radials? Telephone (800)-243-6000 anytime, free of charge. In Connecticut, call 1-(800)-882-6500.

Would you like to get a complete and unabridged English translation of the reports of all four of the radial tire tests described above? Send 25c to Dept.

GP, Uniroyal, Oxford, Connecticut 06749. When you're finished reading this series of test reports, you'll know what to look for in radial tires.



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AMERICAN NOTES

In Defense of Technology

In his State of the Union message, Richard Nixon only echoed what became a national cliché moments after Neil Armstrong set foot on the moon 24 years ago. Said the President: "A nation that can send three people across 240,000 miles of space to the moon should also be able to send 240,000 people three miles across a city to work." In recent years, complaints have mounted that the U.S. has funneled inordinate amounts of money into military and space technology at the expense of problems closer to home. That emphasis, say the critics, has also slowed down the basic research in nondefense industries that is needed to keep American goods competitive.

Last week the President asked Congress to approve "a strong new effort to marshal science and technology in the work of strengthening our economy and improving the quality of our life." Among other things, he asked for a greater emphasis on domestic needs by such agencies as NASA and the Atomic Energy Commission, a 12% increase in federal funding for university research programs, and a series of regulatory changes that would improve the "climate for innovation." The President proposed to bring Government, private enterprise, state and local governments, universities and research centers closer together in "a coordinated, cooperative effort to serve the national interest." All that may not move 240,000 people three miles across a city much faster in the immediate future, but it is an overdue beginning.

Writing Block

The rash of Washington leaks-by-Xerox may produce at least one beneficial side effect: a reduction in governmental paper work. Members of the White House staff have been instructed never to write a memo on a sensitive subject when a telephone call would serve equally well.

One presidential assistant concluded a discussion of the ITT affair (see story on page 86) by telling a junior staff member: "You know, the President doesn't like unnecessary memos like that [Lobbyist Dita Beard's] anyway." He then produced a presidential directive cautioning against treating mere memo writing as a sign of productivity. The present orders for increased discretion were, of course, delivered orally.

The Missing Mail Car

Americans accustomed to grumbling about bad train service and late mail deliveries can take some perverse delight in a joint foul-up that showed both of their demons at their worst. More than two years ago, a Penn Central railroad car carrying 319 sacks of mail and 1,874 parcel-post packages left Philadelphia for Birmingham.

The car vanished, and neither postal authorities nor Penn Central's computers could figure out where it had gone. Last week, after 25 months, the railroad car turned up on a siding in Perryville, Md. Because of mechanical trouble, the car had been shunted off to be repaired or junked. Someone forgot about the mail, which was finally sent on its way marked "Delayed due to circumstances beyond the control of the U.S. Postal Service."

Taking Over Alaska?

Alaska, the nation's last frontier, has a population of just over 300,000. Which is at least 100,000 fewer people than showed up for the Woodstock festival. Given these statistics, a Long Island-based ecology group called Adumtusan—Cherokee word for "earth spirit"—has developed the idea of organizing 350,000 young Americans of voting age to migrate north to the 49th state. The newcomers would settle there, gain political control through their voting power and, among other things, ensure that the Alaskan environment is never damaged by oil companies and land developers.

"Our intention," says Robert Berens, head of Adumtusan, "is to create a state of Alaska with an economy based on tourism and legalized gambling, as well as education, research and the arts. Natural resources would be exploited only after it is proved that methods have been developed that will prevent any damage to ecology and wildlife."

Thus far, Berens claims, 31,000 people have written to ask about the project. But at the moment the plan is little more than fascinating fantasy. Assembling 350,000 people for a permanent move to rugged country is not the same as organizing a weekend rock festival. Alaska already has a staggering unemployment rate of over 11%. Presumably Alaskans would not be altogether thrilled by the great migration, even though Berens has said, "We want to work in cooperation with the residents." Replied the Anchorage Daily Times: "Well, that's darn nice of Mr. Berens."



PRESIDENT NIXON BRIEFING SPEAKER ALBERT

WALLACE RALLY IN ORLANDO, FLA.





PARENTS PROTESTING BUSING FOR THEIR CHILDREN IN DADE COUNTY, FLA.

THE PRESIDENCY

Retreat from Integration

FLORIDA is not the U.S., but last week's vote seems to reflect a good deal of countrywide opinion. Polls have consistently shown national opposition to forced busing in percentages similar to those turned up in Florida. By 74%, voters approved a straw-ballot resolution calling for a constitutional amendment against "forced busing." At the same time, they also voted by an even greater margin—79%—for a proposal that would guarantee "quality education" and "equal opportunity" for all children and bar a return to a dual-school system. The vote seemed contradictory; it was a kind of doublethink brought on in part by the way the questions were put.

By affirming that they believe in integration (now respectable in theory) but do not want to achieve it through busing (now a dirty word), Floridians were ignoring the fact that busing in many cases is the only quick means to bring about school integration. The only other, but much slower way—neighborhood integration—would scarcely have been popular in Florida, either, and is certainly not being pushed by the major party leaders.

President Nixon's own busing line turned out to be close to Florida's. Though the White House took pains to deny that the primary was a factor, two days later the President finally delivered his long-anticipated message. He called for a moratorium on new busing and for concentration on upgrading neighborhood schools. He did not specifically mention integration, as if it had become a lost or forgotten cause.

Some decisions in the lower federal courts have gone too far, he told his TV audience, and have thrown communities into "anger, fear and turmoil." Busing is a "bad means to a good end." People do "not want their children bused across the city to an inferior

school just to meet some social planner's concept of what is considered to be the correct racial balance."

The President submitted two measures to Congress. One would establish a moratorium on new busing; the other would provide increased aid for inferior schools at the same time that it puts limits on busing. The moratorium would last until the aid bill is passed, or until July 1, 1973—whichever comes first. In the meantime, the Justice Department will be instructed to intervene in selected cases currently in the courts in order to prevent further busing.

Retroactive. The aid bill provides \$2.5 billion a year. It stipulates that students must be assigned to schools closest to their homes as long as those schools provide appropriate education. To achieve integration under HEW or court orders, local communities may resort to pairing, rezoning or—last and least—busing, but only to a very limited extent. The courts may not order any further busing of pupils below seventh grade. Older students may be bused only if there is "clear and convincing evidence" that no other remedy is available. Nobody can be put on a bus if that poses a "risk to health or significantly impinges on the educational process." Nor can busing be enforced until all appeals are exhausted. In some cases, the Nixon program would function retroactively. School districts that have been ordered to bus beyond the requirements of the bill could apply for relief, thus opening the way for litigation that could undo the integration that has been so painstakingly achieved.

Nixon briefed congressional leaders, including House Speaker Carl Albert. His bills will probably receive better treatment in Congress than in the courts, where they face serious hurdles. It is questionable whether Congress can impose a moratorium that will prevent

the courts from acting to stop violation of the 14th Amendment. Senator Henry Jackson, who himself campaigned against busing in Florida, worried that the bill would "establish a precedent by which Congress can nullify the Bill of Rights." Beyond that, the proposed aid bill challenges the whole thrust of U.S. Supreme Court decisions since 1954, when separate-but-equal schools were declared unconstitutional. The talk about "quality education" largely ignores the fact that the Warren Court declared that there can be no quality education without integration. Would the Burger Court, which has upheld busing, sanction a retreat to segregated schools? It seems unlikely. But the White House is counting on the fact that no Supreme Court decision will be handed down before election time. After that, the issue can be handled in a cooler political atmosphere. Even if the court should rule against him, the President has left himself an out. He has made it clear that he is willing to accept a constitutional amendment against busing. His only objection is that it takes too long to be ratified.

Guinea Pigs. Significantly, that barometer of public opinion, Hubert Humphrey, supported the President. "Thank goodness," he said, "that at long last he has been able to get his finger in the air and sense what's going on and has decided to say amen to some of the things that the rest of us have been trying to do." Other Democratic candidates were more critical, but white liberal opinion is badly divided over the issue. The same is true of blacks. As much as 40% of the black vote went against busing in Florida last week, and the National Black Political Convention in Gary, Ind., passed a resolution denouncing busing (*see story, page 38*). Sounding much like Nixon, Roy Innis, national director of CORE, complained that "blacks have been guinea pigs for the social engineering of New York liberals." By no means all black leaders feel that way. Said Roy Wilkins, executive director of the NAACP: "Blacks have known trickery and betrayal, but even their experience with crude and refined deterrents has left them unprepared for this partisan action by their President." Many conservatives and Southerners, on the other hand, felt that the President had not gone far enough.

Chances are that the President's course coincides with majority opinion in the U.S. today. But he did not have to take the course he chose. For example, he could have thrown the prestige of his office behind a somewhat toughened version of the Mansfield-Scott Amendment, which among other things would prohibit the use of federal funds for school desegregation unless a local community seeks them. The danger is that what has been billed as a correction of an unpopular device to achieve integration could turn into a headlong retreat from integration itself.

A Jarring Message from George

AS the executive jet's engines whined into life on the Orlando tarmac, the pilot's voice crackled over the intercom: "They just cleared us for taxiing calling us Air Force One." George Corley Wallace, 52, was headed back home to Alabama on the morrow of the greatest victory of his turbulent political life—winning a stunning 42% plurality in the eleven-candidate Florida Democratic primary. Lighting up a cigar, clearing his throat of the ever-present phlegm and spitting it into a handkerchief, Wallace was exuberant as he talked with his wife Cornelia and *TIME* Correspondent Joseph Kane. "They

having trouble with all that baggage back there? I wish I could travel with just one suit like I used to."

He rifled the newspapers like Lyndon Johnson with his polls of old. "I carried every county in the state. See here. I even carried Dade County. Dade 10th: 13,500. Dade 11th: 22,000." As the plane soared into the azure sky, the candidate kept looking at the figures and talking. Now and again Cornelia would butt in for some comment on the press's treatment of George and how he is misunderstood. He would tell her to "hush now. I'm talking."

Cornelia sat across the cramped aisle from her shirtless husband. Still unrecovered from the aftereffects of kidney medicines that triggered phlebitis, she propped up her shapely legs on the armrest of the seat in front, pulled a furry quilt round her, and sucked on a glass of ice water. As the craft neared Montgomery, she began to feel nauseated and asked a security guard to pass her a green plastic trash basket in case she needed it. "You feel all right, honey?" George asked. "May be this cigar is bothering you." He stubbed it out and lit one of her Virginia Slims, then held her hand.

Wallace looks good. His hair is mod-shaggy down to his collar, and he rubs in a little brown dye to cover up the graying streaks. He is fashionably dressed and sometimes downright dapper. With his new wife advising him, he has switched his wardrobe to double knits. "They are so easy to use when you are traveling," Cornelia says. "I am dressing better than I used to," admits Wallace. "Remember the last time I

campaigned, my wife had just died. Governor Lurleen? And the trouble with campaigning by yourself is that clothes is a job. Now I use a better-matching tie combination because my wife sees to it. That's a woman's job."

There have been other changes in Wallace the campaigner. The man who once declared that he would "out-mug" anybody on the stump, whose most durable public image was blocking the schoolhouse door to blacks, seldom lets a racist tinge color his rhetoric these days. The shift is partly a response to the more moderate temper of the times in the South, partly a reflection of the fact that he no longer needs to. George Wallace has become his own code word; his people know where he stands, and his country style permits infinite shadings of nuance and allusion. "Today he could never give his 'segregation now, segregation tomorrow and segregation forever' speech of 1962. "That inaugural speech was given in the context of the times. The people of the South have adjusted to the law." His new rhetoric even permits of praise for his black opponent. Congresswoman Shirley Chisholm: "I like people who stick to their guns, even if I don't agree with them."

Debate. The still feisty but less abrasive style turned out to be highly effective in Florida. So did his provocative anti-Establishment slogan, "Send them a message." Wallace's polls had given him some 32% of the vote; privately he hoped to do as well as 35%, about as much as any outside analyst conceded him. When an aide told him that he would carry Miami's Dade



WALLACE ON THE STUMP

SECURITY MAN HOLDS WALLACE AS HE SHAKES HANDS AT RALLY IN MIAMI BEACH



CONGRATULATORY KISS FROM CORNELIA



THE NATION

County, Wallace berated him for faulty research. As the returns rolled in, Wallace's elation mounted. "The people of Florida sent a message to the national political leaders," he crowed. "We beat the face cards of the Democratic deck. This has been the turning point in American politics. We have turned the Democratic Party around."

More accurately, Wallace turned the party inside out. The Democrat who ran closest to him was Hubert Humphrey, with a mere 18% of the vote. The supposed front runner, Edmund Muskie, did only half as well as Humphrey, finishing fourth after Scoop Jackson (13%). In a brooding, bitter election-night speech, Muskie said of Wallace: "I hate what he stands for. The man is a demagogue of the worst kind. This election result in Florida reveals to a greater extent than I had imagined some of the worst instincts of which human beings are capable."

The speech touched off instant debate. Some thought it was Muskie's finest hour of the 1972 campaign, producing the combative eloquence that his efforts have badly needed. Others argued that it was naive and possibly fatal to lump all Wallace's voters under a racist rubric. Primary votes are often protest votes, and there may be millions of Americans, including a good many Floridians, who share none of Wallace's residual racism but do keenly feel the sense of alienation from the system that his little-man populism plays to. That note was sounded by George McGovern: "No matter how we slice it, today was a setback for those who believe deeply in the cause of human rights. But I cannot accept the fact that the 40% of the vote that went to George Wallace was a racist vote. Many people voted for Wallace to register their protest against the way things are."

There was no denying that Wallace's victory had thrown the Democratic nomination wide open, and that he looms as a chaotic influence in the jumble of primaries that lie ahead. For each of the candidates who trailed in Wallace's dust in Florida, there were lessons to be learned, reappraisals to be made, strategies to be reconsidered.

MUSKIE. Clearly most stunned by the results was Edmund Muskie—and all of the professionals in press and politics who had seen him as almost a cinch for the nomination only two short weeks before. He had been the front runner, the sincere, often eloquent Abe Lincoln with the rockbound Maine integrity—who contrasted so sharply with the expedient, unlovable Richard Nixon. The image campaign urged everyone to "trust Muskie." But when he turned weepy and peevish and no one could figure precisely what to trust him on, that image turned as fuzzy as Lincoln's beard. By ignoring Wallace in Florida and downgrading busing as almost irrelevant, Muskie ascended to a plane somewhere above reality.



HUMPHREY IN MIAMI BEACH

Turning the Democratic Party upside down and inside out.



MUSKIE IN WEST PALM BEACH

Belatedly, his aides became aware that the approach was not working. They decided that Muskie must get more specific and tough. Muskie thereupon stoutly backed Florida Governor Reubin Askew's stand against the antibusing forces, opposed the space shuttle—and lost votes heavily on both issues. He bluntly attacked Wallace, calling him "a worn-out demagogue," charging that a vote for Wallace was "vote for fear." The "message" that Floridians must send out, he argued, ought not to be "that this is where the New South died; that the party of John F. Kennedy speaks with the voice of George C. Wallace." It was a courageous stand, but it proved to be highly unpopular in Florida.

After the election, the Muskie camp was in a state of crisis. Not even his closest aides were certain how Muskie would take his defeat, whether he would sulk or come out fighting. At week's end, Muskie seemed to erase their fears. He barged into Indiana and Illinois with unusual snap, apparently relishing his new underdog role. He attacked Wallace as a "preacher of prejudice," and Nixon as the servant of special interests.

Muskie realized that his struggle was desperately uphill now (see box, page 27). His money was spread thin, and his two initial primaries had discouraged some potential donors. He was doubly hurt in the Florida fuss over revealing financial support. When McGovern, Lindsay and Humphrey voluntarily agreed to open their books, Muskie was criticized for holding back. When he promised to reveal his sources, it looked as though he had been forced into it—and some Republican donors will likely be embarrassed. Business leaders who like to hedge their bets

by giving to the leading contenders in both parties may hold back now.

Moreover Muskie headed this week into Illinois, where he was entered in another hazardous contest in which he had little to gain and much to lose. He faced only the enigmatic former Minnesota Senator, Eugene McCarthy, in a popularity contest, and mainly McGovern in a delegate selection race. Muskie had to win handily in Illinois. If he did not check his slippage, he could be set up for a knockout blow in Wisconsin. Yet there were still 21 primaries to go, each carrying a possibility of more surprises. Any conclusion that Muskie was doomed could prove just as premature as those earlier predictions that he had the nomination sewed up.

HUMPHREY. Although outpolled 2 to 1 by Wallace, Humphrey came in second by waging a personal, press-the-flesh blitz that left aides and newsmen gasping. He jetted by helicopter into tiny towns (Pahokee, Belle Glade, Wauchula), pinned HHH pins on buxom Jewish matrons in Miami, worked a Tijuana shopping center three times. After 18 hours on the road, Humphrey flew to Miami one midnight and rushed off to a black sorority dance. He came back at 2 a.m., bubbling: "I danced with all those ladies."

Up at 5 one morning to handshake his way through a longshoremen's shape-up, Humphrey grumbled that reporters were not there. "Helluva way to cover the news." He clung to the roll bars of a swamp buggy in a race in Naples and drew applause for his courage. His doctor, Edgar Berman, joked that the Humphrey energy in a man just two months short of 61 is "a serious genetic defect." To fawning women who

THE NATION

found Humphrey far more attractive in person than on TV, the candidate teasingly explained: "I keep vigorous by living clean and thinking dirty."

The onetime fiery civil rights champion tried to neutralize the Wallace antibusing advantage by waffling on it. He said that he was opposed to "massive compulsory busing that has as its sole objective racial balance based on a mathematical formula," although no court order actually requires that. He favored "integrated education," found it "fit, right and proper that you bus a child from an inferior school to a good school" but not the other way. He praised Askew's probing stand and called busing a phony issue. "The real issue is quality education. What we need is more and better schools, not more buses." Humphrey, in short, was on both sides. With cheerful shamelessness, he offered something for everyone: kosher lunches for Jewish schoolchildren, plenty of jets for Israel, orange-juice stockpiling for worried farmers, a 25% increase in Social Security for oldsters. Arriving at a trailer camp, he babbled:

"You know, I'm no Johnny-come-lately to mobile homes!"

But it all paid off. The Humphrey camp happily agreed with their leader that "it's a whole new ball game." Hubert was campaigning briskly in the Midwest within hours after the Florida results were known. Fearing the Wallace appeal to labor, Humphrey pleaded for support with union leaders in Detroit, where busing is a big issue. Recalling his years of help to labor, he argued: "You'd better get yourself a President that will speak up for you before it's too late. You don't need a new face; you need somebody that's been tested." As for the likes of Wallace: "Be careful about these cuties. I don't mind if you flirt around a little bit, but you better just come home."

Although Humphrey was back in business, the scars of his loss to Nixon still show in doubts about his vote-getting power. Yet his aides assert that they are getting calls from former Muskie supporters. Humphrey hopes to stop Wallace either by beating him outright in Wisconsin, Pennsylvania or West

Virginia (where only Humphrey and Wallace are on the ballot) or by running so close to him everywhere that some other candidates will throw their support to Humphrey as the only way of knocking Wallace out. The money is sure to come a little more easily now. Humphrey called Beverly Hills Attorney Gene Wyman after the Florida vote and asked him to raise \$50,000. Wyman did it in a day, and said it was the easiest \$50,000 he had ever raised.

JACKSON. To achieve his third-place ranking in Florida, Washington's Scoop Jackson also muddied his strong civil rights record, which dates back some three decades, staking out an antibusing position just a shade short of Wallace's. The main difference was that he did not plead for a halt to busing by presidential decree or legislation; instead, he sought the slower route of a constitutional amendment. Jackson's amendment is under consideration in the Congress and it includes "freedom of choice" and the "neighborhood school," proposals long espoused by

A TIME Election Survey: The Lessons of Florida

As part of its election year coverage, TIME has commissioned the attitude research firm of Daniel Yankelovich, Inc. to conduct a series of in-depth surveys. The first effort, in Florida, queried 389 voters in eleven Florida counties as they emerged from the polling booths. The interviews turned up four interesting points as to why Floridians voted as they did. They revealed that 1) George Wallace is seen as a populist rather than an extremist; 2) busing was the cutting issue only because no candidate knew how to benefit from widespread concern about the economy; 3) Edmund Muskie is still potentially stronger than the size of his vote would indicate; and 4) Richard Nixon is the real choice of Florida's Democratic voters. Yankelovich's analysis:

WALLACE. He scored two significant successes in Florida. One, obviously, was his strong showing at the polls, the other his successful projection of a respectable, populist image. Among Wallace voters, 84% said that they thought more highly of him now than they did a few months ago, 59% saw him as a champion of the working man, and 55% as honest and courageous. In fact, 41% of the Florida voters sampled who consider themselves moderates cast their ballots for Wallace. His winning populist profile pre-empted Jackson's ability to score as an antibusing candidate. Of those Floridians who voted no on the statewide busing referendum, 54% found it "respectable" to vote for Wallace, while only 14% voted for Jackson. Nonetheless, the racist image

continues to haunt Wallace. Among those who did not vote for him, 53% still think of him as racist, 34% say he is too extreme, and 26% label him a one-issue candidate.

ISSUES. While no candidate save Wallace showed any strength on the busing issue, Humphrey and especially Jackson ran strongly on the basis of their stands on the economy. According to voters, the two most compelling reasons for selecting a candidate were 1) "I agree with how he or she stands on particular issues," and 2) He or she "understands the problems of people like me." The survey revealed that the issues that voters said were of the greatest importance—ending the Viet Nam War and improving the economy—were not decisive in choosing a candidate. Asked to rank the chief issues influencing their choice, voters listed busing first, the economy second, crime third and ending the war fourth.

MUSKIE. His poor showing was the result of three factors: no image, no issue and no empathy. More than seven out of ten voters polled indicated that they had no clear impression of Muskie, either good or bad. His strategy of running in all of the primaries led to his spreading himself too thin and afforded him little opportunity to give voters anywhere a clear impression of who he is and what he stands for. Unlike Wallace, who played the busing controversy for all it was worth, Muskie failed to identify himself with any single major issue. As a result, he did not communicate empathy—the desire of voters to feel that he understands their problems—even among his own voters. The Flori-

MIAMI VOTERS LINE UP TO CAST THEIR BALLOTS IN FLORIDA PRIMARY



anti-integrationists. He also called for federal aid to inferior schools.

Trying to draw a clear distinction between himself and Wallace, Jackson's ads declared: "Jackson is the one candidate—who can be nominated and elected—who is doing something *now* about compulsory busing." Explained a Jackson aide, Elmer Rounds: "It was our hope to reach the middle-aged, middle-class suburbanite who didn't like the bus ride his kid was taking but who couldn't vote for Wallace on other principles." Jackson picked up other support by endorsing the \$5.5 billion space-shuttle project, dear to the state's aerospace workers, standing as tall as anyone for U.S. support of Israel and urging a strong national defense program. If the combined Jackson and Wallace votes are a barometer of the state's conservativeness, they are a majority.

With the race wide open and the depth of public unease indicated by the Wallace and Jackson votes, the Jackson strategists see a chance for their man to slip in as a kind of Wallace-in-spats. "The U.S. political center is

angry," argues Jackson Manager Ben Wattenberg. "It's suffocating. The question now is: Can any candidate deal with the frustrations constructively? Wallace has proved he can deal with them negatively. That's not what people want. Jackson can get the Wallace vote—no one else can."

Jackson's advisers theorize that in the end Wallace cannot get the nomination. They foresee that the convention may well be faced with choosing between Humphrey and McGovern—one too showy, one too liberal for the party's mood—and thus may decide on Jackson. Yet Jackson has huge handicaps that make the scenario unlikely: he is a colorless speaker and is still not nationally known.

LINDSAY AND McGOVERN. No one spent more money (an aide said it was more than \$300,000, others estimated it at \$500,000) in Florida than New York's Mayor John Lindsay. No one made his position clearer. Lindsay sailed into Wallace, calling him "the phoniest populist since time began" and claiming that "he is no man of the people when he travels with 25 muscular state troopers with bulges under their coats." Lindsay argued that the only alternative to busing was "perpetual racial segregation" and that the nation could not afford such alienation. He criticized his senatorial rivals for compromising on the issue in Congress. His was a bold stand, but Lindsay was trounced in Florida. The only consolation in his 7% vote was that it was one point better than that of his liberal rival, McGovern.

Wisconsin may be the make-or-break primary for Lindsay. He is low on funds and cannot continue his spending pace. In Wisconsin he can make the valid claim that he was the one candidate who fought Wallace all-out in Florida, despite the risks involved. That stance could prove helpful in Wisconsin's metropolitan areas and on campuses. But Lindsay's image as an alluring TV attraction was badly besmirched in Florida, where an expensive television drive failed to muster even a strong female following.

George McGovern chose to concentrate on New Hampshire, where he scored well, and on Wisconsin, which has a more liberal hue: he wisely played Florida low key. He spent only \$90,000 there, visited the state only briefly, and thus was not severely hurt by his low total. McGovern has the handicap of a lackluster speaking style, but his organizational talents showed up well in New Hampshire, and he has been working hard against Muskie for delegates in Illinois. His willingness to face all issues squarely is winning him admirers, but it is also alienating some. He could be a tough man to eliminate, even if he rarely wins. Should Lindsay and Chisholm fade, as seems likely, McGovern could be a power at the convention.

Above all, the lesson most of the



SENATOR EDWARD KENNEDY
Knowing where the key is.

candidates learned in Florida was that they cannot dismiss the new Wallace as a redneck rabble-rouser (*see box*). Employing unorthodox, old-style techniques, his campaigning nevertheless has contemporary punch. At its heart is "the rally"—a unique carnival theater mixing jingoism, evangelism, populism and hucksterism in a fashion that has otherwise passed from American political life. It is vintage revivalist tent-circus—and devastatingly effective with his "country soul brothers," as his rivals in Florida discovered to their sorrow.

The routine that voters in future primaries can expect is always the same. An hour before rally time, local volunteers move into the lobby, open up five wooden trays of campaign trinkets and merchandise for the faithful to buy. There are nine varieties of bumper stickers, George Wallace watches selling for \$16.50, a passel of buttons (10¢ each), straw hats at \$2, red toy footballs, a paperback biography of the great man. If a customer buys more than a dollar's worth, he gets a free autographed picture of Wallace.

As the crowd drifts in, Guitarist Billy Grammer and his trio hum up their instruments. Warmup Shill George Mangum, a burly Baptist minister, explains that this is a people's campaign and the candidate needs money to buy TV time. Leggy volunteers with plastic buckets pass through the audience taking up collections.

This process provides time for local entertainers to do their thing for Wallace. In Orlando, a gospel group sang several songs after explaining: "We are not ashamed to be for George Wallace because we are Christian people living Christian lives." In Miami, Grandpa Jones of the *Hee Haw* show came on with some picking and reliable coon-dog jokes and risqué tales about the three bears. The money collection reached a zenith of sorts in Orlando, where Mangum put a bucket on the stage and folks walked down the aisle to deposit their money, which in-

ida primary is a clear signal to Edmund Muskie that his theme song, "trust me and believe me," lacks conviction.

Though faltering, the Muskie campaign is far from finished, however. Many voters, particularly those who selected Wallace, Jackson, and McGovern, stressed the importance at this stage of the game of voting for their convictions rather than of defeating the Republican candidate. Indeed, the replies to two questions in the survey show that Muskie's potential strength is greater than indicated by his meager 9% share of the Florida vote. In reply to one query, the sampling of Democratic voters named Muskie as their leading second choice for the nomination. In another response tally he emerged as the only Democrat who, if the election were held today, would defeat Nixon, albeit by a very slim margin. In sum, if Muskie interprets the lesson of Florida correctly, he might yet salvage his campaign.

NIXON. If pitted against Nixon, not a single Democratic candidate would get a majority of the votes in the presidential election. According to the views of those interviewed, Nixon would win easily against Wallace, Jackson, Lindsay or McGovern. Against Humphrey, Nixon shows a slight edge (48% to 47%, 5% undecided). Only Muskie beats Nixon by the slim margin of 46% to 45%, with 9% undecided. However, should Wallace end up running for President, the evidence, in Florida at least, is that his third-party candidacy might aid the Democratic nominee and hurt Nixon badly. A resounding 86% of those who voted for Wallace in the primary would stay with him in a race against Nixon for President.



JACKSON IN DADE COUNTY BIKE MEET



LINDSAY CYCLING IN MIAMI
On to Wisconsin.

cluded at least one paycheck, as they made their decisions for Wallace.

Once the money is in hand, Manguro roars: "Ladies and gentlemen, the next President of the U.S." And out comes the banty George, saying "Hi folks, hi folks" and saluting the crowd. When the din dies away, Wallace begins his speech. He has given it so many times that he has no text, only a piece of paper listing the topics he wants to talk about: foreign aid, the welfare scandal, the tax structure, bureaucrats, the courts, national defense, liberals and busing. There is no order, except that he always saves busing for last.

"If you go out of this hall tonight and get knocked on the head, the person who knocked you on the head will be out of jail on a \$50 bond before you get



McGOVERN ON ELECTION DAY IN MIAMI

to the hospital . . . The tax structure threatens to destroy the middle class. There are billions of dollars in tax-free foundations, and there is no reason why the Carnegies and the Rockefellers and the Fords should go scot-free when you have to pay through the nose . . . I know of one nation [India] that has received \$10 billion of your hard-earned tax dollars and they stood up on the United Nations and spit in our faces and said I hope you lose that war in Viet Nam . . . Liberals are those folk who are overeducated for their brains and can't park their bicycles straight . . . Liberalism has brought us disaffected youth, violence in the streets. It brings permissiveness that allows people to chomp up and down the streets calling for a Communist victory in Viet Nam . . . you all have more brains in your little fingers than the editor of the New York *Times* has in his whole head."

Social Whim. Then comes his big pitch on busing. "This busin' business is the most callous, asinine thing I ever heard of, the whim of some social schemer in Washington who messed up the schools there and then moved out to Virginia or Maryland. I didn't bring this issue up, the people did. If the President can take over the economy by executive order, he can stop busing little schoolchildren. I'll bet him and Mao Tse-tung spent half their time talking about busing. I heard Mao told him, 'When we take a notion to bus, we just bus.' Nixon could have said, 'We do the same thing over here.'"

Across the state, the Wallace message was amplified by a staff of experienced organizers, many of whom have been working his campaigns since he first ran for Governor in 1958. Some wear sports shirts and raging red sports coats. They shun flow charts and modern political consulting firms; his staff artist is a Montgomery boy who works at home on his dining-room table. But they know their constituents, the

strengths of their candidate and how to get out the vote. In Florida they produced smooth "newspapers" to reach special readers, including labor, the elderly, youth and even a Wallace Hoy in Spanish for Cubans (which will be adapted for Poles and other ethnic minorities elsewhere). They supplied volunteers with a 118-page organizational "manual for victory," with suggested approaches to all voters, from truck drivers to policemen. Sample advice: Don't junk up your displays. A junky display suggests a junky candidate.

Script. Why is Wallace running so hard? TIME's Wallace watcher, Joseph Kane, believes that he really wants the nomination. Wallace does not expect to be able to defeat Nixon, but he would love to reshape the Democratic Party to his way of thinking. If he fails to get the nomination, he wants to stamp his policy on the party platform—especially regarding ways to limit the power of federal judges. Yet Nixon has pre-empted that position with his antibusing proposals, giving Wallace the chance to boast that Nixon is stealing his script.

Wallace remains coy about telling what he will do if he cannot get the nomination. He prefers to ask what such liberals as McGovern and Lindsay will do if he—Wallace—is nominated. Will they start third parties? Actually, a liberal walkout would not be unlikely. Kane is convinced that Wallace will run again on his American Party ticket if the convention shuns him—even if that would hurt Nixon enough to elect a Democrat. Says Kane: "Wallace doesn't care where the dust would settle if he ran as a third-party candidate. He is not interested in party fealty. He champions conservatism wherever it comes from. And these campaign forays are more than ego trips. There must be a tidy profit in all of those buttons, hats, cuff links and clutter he sells."

As the race opens up, it revives the possibility that the party will turn to Senator Edward Kennedy. Contends New York's Russell Hemenway, national director of the Committee for an Effective Congress and now a Muskie supporter: "If Ed Muskie can't win on the second ballot and if Ted's own polls show him within a couple of percentage points of Nixon, he'll go." There would be tremendous pressure from many Democrats for Kennedy to enter the race. Already some New York politicians are calling on Kennedy Operative Steve Smith to apply such pressure.

Assessing the primaries to date, Kennedy agrees that "the situation is clearly far more wide open than it was." He believes that only Muskie and Humphrey have a chance to get the nomination. He told TIME Correspondent Hays Gorey that he wants another Democrat to win and serve, while he gains experience through eight more years in the Senate. Even if the polls showed the Democratic nominee certain to lose, Kennedy would stay out.

as races can turn about quickly. Humphrey, he recalled, trailed Nixon by 15 points in the polls in 1968 but finished so strongly that he nearly won.

Yet if all the current Democratic contenders were to fail miserably and Wallace were to have a good chance at the nomination, Kennedy said, he would do everything possible to stop him. Laughingly, he declared that he had closed the door on the nomination, locked it and thrown away the key. But he knows where the key is—and it is not far away.

Taxes. The results in Florida cannot readily be dismissed as a regional aberration. Wallace ran well in the liberal areas in and near Miami. Suburbanites and voters of all income classes gave him good support. One possible explanation is that the nation's Democratic voters feel frustrated by their inability to influence events. They see taxes rising, crime proliferating, cities decaying and the cost of living outrunning their paychecks. Alienated from the Government, they elect to vote no. Certainly, even before the primaries, the residents of New Hampshire and Florida were found to be dissatisfied and hostile toward most candidates. The Wallace brand of populism offers a convenient outlet for all kinds of protest, whether its motives be worthy or base. On top of that, the sentiment against busing, fanned by the President, was enough to give many an urge to vote

for Wallace. And, on a certain level, Wallace has a country-boy charm.

Many politicians in other states are deeply concerned about the Wallace threat. U.A.W. President Leonard Woodcock, a Muskie supporter, said that Wallace might well win in the Michigan primary on May 16. "It's very depressing, and I'm usually an optimist," he admitted. In Wisconsin, where labor leaders launched a campaign that held Wallace to 7.6% of the presidential vote in 1968, they were getting ready to go at him again. "We are running scared about the Wallace thing," conceded COPE's Ken Germanson. In Indiana, Democratic State Chairman Gordon St. Angelo is so fearful that Wallace may win that he asked the other Democratic candidates to throw their support to one of their number in order to stop Wallace. Lindsay, Jackson and McGovern expressed interest, but neither Muskie nor Humphrey was ready to withdraw in favor of the other.

Democratic leaders in Maryland see Humphrey and Wallace as current favorites there—and award Wallace a solid chance to win the primary on May 16. Busing is a hot issue in parts of Massachusetts, giving Wallace a chance to grab votes, probably from Muskie, in the Boston area on April 25. Wallace, of course, will be strong all through the South. Both his home state of Alabama and North Carolina have upcoming primaries. In Border state Tennessee,

where Wallace got 34% of the 1968 presidential vote, he is a strong favorite to win the May 4 primary.

As Richard Nixon surveys the divisions in the Democratic Party and observes his likely Democratic opponents getting chewed up, the President is probably pleased. Yet he has to worry about the potential third-party threat as Wallace shows strength. Besides, Wallace's victory has other ominous meanings. The two primaries have demonstrated the high cost and frequent irrelevance of the cumbersome process by which the U.S. selects its candidates for President. The Wallace victory reveals that a man possessing few qualifications for the high office—and virtually no chance for his party's nomination—can seriously harm and endanger candidates with a solid potential for national leadership.

The Wallace performance in Florida, coupled with President Nixon's own near-demagogic on busing, presents the depressing possibility that the presidential politics of 1972 may be conducted at a dismally low level of discourse. That is the level on which the simplistic Wallace functions best. The lesson offered by Wallace is clear enough: When voters are distressed, either the more orthodox candidates must find convincing ways to attack the causes, or George Corley Wallace will continue to win votes and clobber politicians who "can't park their bicycles straight."

Muskie: The Democrats' New Underdog

With the Florida defeat behind, Maine's Senator Edmund Muskie flew over the flat, snow-covered fields of Illinois last week and told TIME Correspondent Dean Fischer how that jarring loss has affected his mood as he approaches this week's primary in Illinois.

FOR two years I felt the pressure of being the front runner, worried about stumbling or taking a fatal step. There were terrible pressures and tensions. Now we've had a major setback, but it hasn't been fatal. It's like a boil has been lanced. I feel a sense of relief and relaxation. I'm not worried any longer about making a mistake. I don't have to try to carefully thread the needle. When you're not trying to do that, you can do your best. It's the only way to win. I've always done better as an underdog. I'm not sure I'm an underdog now, but I know I've got an uphill fight.

"None of us believed we would do as badly in Florida as we did. Neither did we expect George Wallace to do as well as he did. He emerged as a force to be reckoned with. But it also gives us an issue: all the things he stands for—they're the real issues. In that sense, it gives us a cutting edge that will be

very useful. Nobody else won in Florida. If we'd spent as much time in Florida as Hubert did, we would have done as well. We could have played the numbers game.

"I still don't know what to do about the problem of spreading ourselves so thin. We have six primaries coming up in six weeks. All of them are key, and we're going to give them all equal treatment. What do you do? You can't ignore them, yet we're spread so damned thin. I suppose if we had it to do over again we might not have gone into Florida.

"We haven't been specific enough. We haven't been sharp, clear, simple and hard-hitting. Take the radio spots. What I need is my voice speaking directly, crisply, precisely. My own preference for television is head-on; me talking. To hell with the production business. Now the quality of the campaign has emerged in a clear-cut way. Before it was fuzzy. Now there's a feeling of relief that the fight is out in the open. There's a nice, clean feeling of being in a fight. In New Hampshire, the percentage game deprived us of any feeling of victory. We came out of it with nothing in terms of morale. But after Florida, strangely enough, we feel more life.

"There was a feeling of depression for a couple of hours after the vote started coming in from Florida. I felt we had to review a fundamental decision: whether to stay in or get out. Some of my staff was there. We had it out. I asked if this was the end of the world, a disaster. I meant what I said, but I also was playing devil's advocate. None of them had any disposition to quit. But they weren't really sure what I'd say on television until I got up to say it. The next day I still couldn't get unwound. I played the worst golf of my life.

MUSKIE ON ELECTION EVE IN MIAMI



THE ADMINISTRATION

The Thickening ITT Imbroglio

IT began with Columnist Jack Anderson's charge that the Administration last summer settled antitrust suits against ITT in exchange for a \$400,000 pledge by an ITT subsidiary to help underwrite the Republican National Convention in San Diego. The settlement was relatively favorable to ITT, though by no means a bonanza, and no specific *quid pro quo* arrangement has been proved. Indeed, it seemed naive to suggest that a superconglomerate with assets of \$6.7 billion would try to buy the favor of the Department of Justice for such a comparatively trifling sum—or that it could be successful.

Last week the White House began

ard Kleindienst as Attorney General (TIME, March 20). Kleindienst and others speaking for the Government kept changing the details of their stories. Beyond that, the case was arousing mounting wonder about the Administration's intimacy with big business, especially with men whose companies were entangled in antitrust litigation. Last week's first witness, former Attorney General John Mitchell, approached the proceedings with a certain contemptuous coldness. Then, with a grim voice and a slightly shaking hand, Mitchell read a five-page preliminary statement. He denied categorically that he had played any role in the ITT antitrust settlement

interest group. In fact, such contacts are necessary. What made this case somewhat different was Mitchell's delicate role as Attorney General with a case pending before his department—especially considering his reputation in Washington for inaccessibility.

Mix-Up. On another key question, California Lieutenant Governor Ed Reinecke had previously claimed that he saw Mitchell in mid-May and told him of the ITT commitment to back the convention in San Diego. If that is so, then Mitchell knew of the ITT convention offer weeks before his antitrust division agreed to the out-of-court merger settlement. "Mr. Reinecke must have had me mixed up with someone else," Mitchell told the committee, and insisted that he had seen him in April and September. Before Mitchell's appearance, Reinecke changed his story and denied talking to Mitchell in May. Instead it was September, Reinecke said—a date that made no sense, since by then San Diego had already been chosen as the convention city.

The most eagerly awaited answers involved Mitchell's relationship with ITT Lobbyist Dita Beard, who claimed in her confidential memo to her corporate superiors that Mitchell was "definitely helping us" with the ITT settlement. Mitchell's response was swift and curt. Mrs. Beard approached him three times at a Kentucky Derby party in Louisville, he said, and on the third sally, "I told her in rather harsh terms that I didn't appreciate her approaching me." His message was: show off.

Shredding. After Mitchell came ITT President Geneen. He too disavowed any connection between the ITT settlement and the convention offer. In fact, he said, that offer, made by the Sheraton Corp., an ITT subsidiary, was not for \$400,000 but for \$100,000, and on condition that the presidential headquarters would be set up in a new Sheraton hotel. An additional \$100,000 was offered if needed and if matched by other businesses. Geneen said the money was a routine investment to publicize the opening of a new hotel.

There was one particularly intriguing chapter in the week's testimony. Last month Jack Anderson's assistant, Bri Hume, had appeared in ITT's Washington office and showed the original of the Beard memo to Mrs. Beard and her boss, ITT Vice President W.R. Merriam. According to Geneen and ITT Senior Vice President Howard Aibel, the Washington staff was ordered "to remove any documents that were no longer needed for current operations, as well as documents which, if put into Mr. Anderson's possession, could be misused and misconstrued by him so as to cause embarrassment to the people mentioned therein."

"Many sacks" full of such papers, Aibel testified, were then fed into a shredder. Although Aibel made the process sound like spring cleaning, it left the impression of a beleaguered foreign



DITA BEARD (THIRD FROM LEFT) & OPAL GINN (RIGHT) AT WASHINGTON PARTY

The first rule is never, never write it down.

a coordinated counterattack, mobilizing Republican Senators, the Republican National Committee and the Justice Department in an effort to discredit Anderson, his charges and the press coverage of the ITT case. Most dramatically, ITT Lobbyist Dita Beard, from the Denver hospital where she is said to be suffering from severe angina pectoris, issued a statement disowning her now famous memo as a forgery. "a false and salacious document." Nebraska Senator Roman Hruska damned the hearings as "this smear-a-day campaign" brought on "because of a spurious document dredged up by the Louella Parsons of the political world."

For all the Administration denials, however, an unsettling pattern of coincidence had emerged in the first two weeks of hearings before the Senate Judiciary Committee, which technically was meeting only to clear up unresolved questions on the confirmation of Rich-

ard Kleindienst as Attorney General

or in the selection of San Diego as the Republican Convention city. But Mitchell conceded that he had met with ITT President Harold Geneen for 35 minutes on Aug. 4, 1970, at Geneen's request. "I assented to the meeting," Mitchell said, "on the express condition that the pending ITT litigation would not be discussed." According to Mitchell, Geneen argued that the Justice Department was prosecuting corporations merely for their "bigness." Mitchell claimed that the discussion was "entirely theoretical," yet at the time it was held, the antitrust division had only four "bigness" cases pending; three were against ITT. Mitchell also declared that twice last April he had met with ITT Director Felix Rohatyn, but not to discuss any ITT business.

Obviously there is nothing sinister about Cabinet members (or White House staffers) having contacts with business, or with labor, or any other in-



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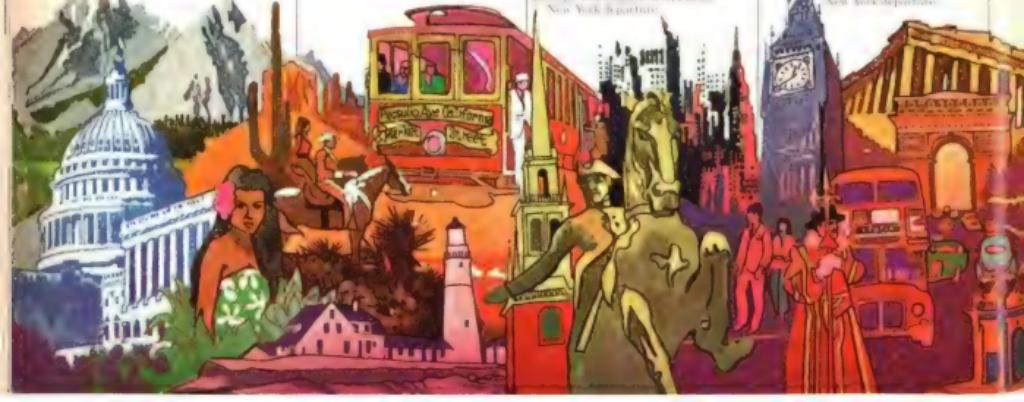


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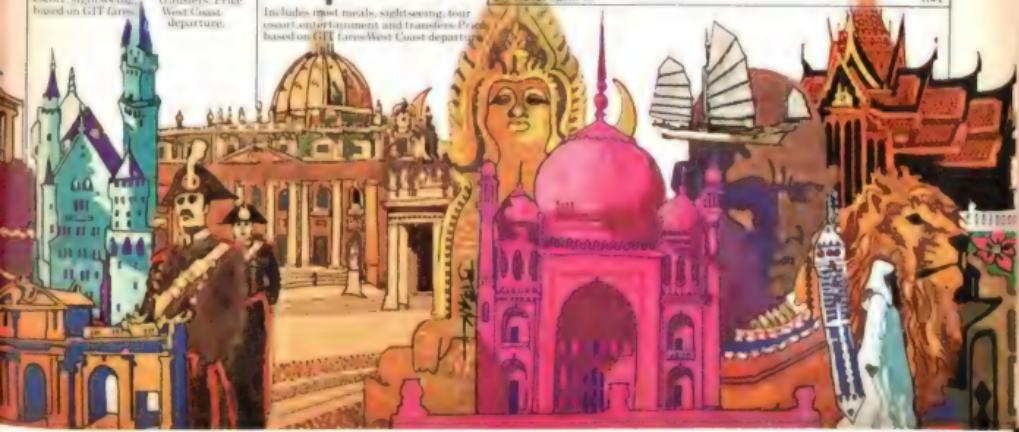
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embassy destroying secret papers on the eve of war. It is perhaps understandable for a company to be nervous at the prospect of having Jack Anderson rooting through its files. But as California Senator John Tunney remarked, "You must realize how this looks on its face."

Stock Sale. Nor was ITT's case buttressed by the revelation that for six weeks last summer, from June 18 to the end of July, Aibel and six other top officials of ITT and an ITT subsidiary sold 41,280 common and 8,500 convertible preferred shares of ITT stock. ITT spokesmen said the sales were mere coincidence, yet at least some ITT officials learned around June 18 that the Government had proposed the ITT antitrust settlement. As it turned out, the settlement caused a \$7 a share drop in the price of ITT stock on Aug. 2, the first trading day after the public announcement. The settlement was relatively favorable to ITT, allowing it to keep the Hartford Fire Insurance Co., but requiring it to divest itself of six smaller companies. The outcome could have been far worse for ITT, but it also could have been much better.

Then came Dita Beard's disavowal of the memo that Anderson had published. That claim seemed at best peculiar, since Anderson's assistant had showed her the memo three weeks before, giving her plenty of time to denounce it. If the memo was a fake, why did ITT go to the trouble of shredding its documents in Washington? Early on, ITT's defenders went to some lengths to portray Mrs. Beard as a sometimes irrational incompetent. Having first tried to discredit her, they are hard pressed to defend what she says now.

Name Dropping. Some fellow lobbyists in Washington believe that if the memo was a fake, it was one perpetrated by Mrs. Beard. Among the lobbying fraternity in the capital, where salaries for such work often climb to six figures, Dita Beard was virtually unknown; she earned only \$30,000 and lived in a modest house in nearby Arlington, Va. Important lobbyists entertain in baronial houses, charter airplanes, give lavish cocktail parties. Dita Beard lived more like a suburban schoolteacher. Once a year, in ITT's name, she gave a small Christmas cocktail party for 30 or 40 people. Curiously, the Senate antitrust subcommittee, which an ITT lobbyist would certainly try to influence, had never heard of her.

A theory persists that her memo, which claimed wide-ranging contacts and influence, was sheer bravado, "papering a job" with a name-dropping report to convince an employer that his interests are getting extensive and impressive care. Said one senior lobbyist: "For a job like this, one does not hire a \$30,000-a-year flunky to swing a billion dollar deal." Besides, he added, "You never, never write it down. That's the first rule of the business."

As the Judiciary Committee hearings continue, the political pressure

mounts. The committee has yet to put any of its investigators onto the case, but Democrats Tunney and Edward Kennedy have been bearing down with insistent questions that have increasingly aroused pro-Administration Republicans in the Senate. Kentucky Senator Marlow Cook last week charged that Anderson's secretary, Opal Ginn, was an old drinking companion of Dita Beard. It turned out, however, that they had only happened to be at the same party once at a Washington hotel.

There are rumors in the Senate cloakroom that if the ITT affair persists and threatens to become a major election issue, Richard Kleindienst may be sacrificed as a scapegoat. To do so, however, would amount to an admission that Kleindienst, or someone, had done something wrong—a point the Administration is far from conceding.



FUND-RAISER HERB KALMBACH

The President's Lawyer

Newport Beach, Calif., a wealthy community nestled between Los Angeles and San Clemente, has long been a kind of Republican stronghold-by-the-sea. Shortly after Richard Nixon moved into the White House, Newport Police Chief James Glavas telephoned a resident knowledgeable in G.O.P. affairs:

Chief: Who the hell is Herb Kalmbach?

Resident: He is a lawyer in Newport Beach.

Chief: I know that, but is he anyone to be talking for the President?

Resident: Did he call you about negotiations for the San Clemente house?

Chief: Yep.

Resident: And did he talk about arranging security and that kind of stuff?

Chief: Yep.

Resident: Well, the only thing I can

tell you, Chief, is that if Herb Kalmbach called you and said he was calling for the President, he was.

In recent weeks other interested parties have been asking the same question: Who is Herb Kalmbach? His name has figured prominently in stories about the exclusive Lincoln Club of Orange County, a group of millionaire businessmen who like to boast that without their munificent fund-raising efforts, Nixon would not be President. According to insiders, the man in charge of funneling funds into G.O.P. coffers is one Herbert W. Kalmbach. Last week potential backers of the Republican Convention in San Diego received copies of a letter signed by John Keeney, chief of the U.S. Justice Department's fraud division. While ordinary political contributions are not tax-deductible—contributions by corporations are in fact illegal—the letter all but assures that contributions to the convention can be written off under a new federal law effective April 7. In convoluted legalese, Keeney explains that to be deductible as a business expense the contribution must be made to a nonprofit organization and its basic intent must be to stimulate business. "The fact that the convention is political in nature," says the letter, "would not preclude the contribution being made for the primary purpose of bringing the political convention to the community with the reasonable expectation of financial return to the contributor." The law firm which requested, received and relayed the message: Kalmbach, De Marco, Knapp & Chillingworth.

Helpful Image. There is nothing improper about the letter: Democrats as well as Republicans solicit convention contributions in much the same manner, and both stand to benefit from the new law. However, coming from the Justice Department, the letter is intriguing in light of the current flap over the convention contributions of International Telephone and Telegraph. Written six weeks before the ITT controversy erupted, the letter is the first definite link in San Diego between the convention and the Justice Department. It also confirms that Kalmbach and his law firm have clout in representing Nixon in the West. Indeed, Kalmbach's career is a case study in the good fortune that can befall a tireless political fund raiser.

At the University of Southern California law school, Kalmbach was a classmate of Presidential Adviser Robert Finch. In 1960 he quit his job with an insurance firm to work with Finch in Nixon's presidential campaign. After losing the 1962 gubernatorial race in California, Nixon sent a note to his campaign workers: "If you need a job get in touch with Herb, and he will fix something up for you." Herb subsequently became vice president of the Macco Corp., a land-development company, and was later tapped as one of Nixon's chief fund raisers in the 1968

THE NATION

campaign. After the election, Kalmbach was offered the post of Under Secretary of Commerce, but he turned it down. He had bigger things in mind.

The year before, Kalmbach and three partners had founded a law firm. He soon became known in West Coast money circles as "the President's lawyer." The image did not hurt. In four short years the firm grew from a small four-man operation with a handful of local clients to a major enterprise with 22 attorneys representing some of the U.S.'s largest corporations. The firm has added 30 new clients since it was founded. Among them: the Morrison-Knudsen Co., one of the world's largest building contractors; the Marriott hotel chain, which has an airline catering service headed by Richard Nixon's brother Donald; MCA Inc., owner of Universal Studios and other widespread properties; and Dart Industries, a large consumer-products firm.

Super-wasp. The firm also has such federally regulated clients as United Air Lines, The Flying Tiger Line and California Federal Savings and Loan. While praising the firm's expertise in tax and real estate law, California Fed Chief Counsel Lloyd Dunn admits that Kalmbach's political clout figures in. "I'd be less than candid if I said anything different," Dunn told *TIME* Correspondent Donn Downing. Kalmbach's main occupation these days is talking and raising money. He has journeyed abroad on several occasions to remind such wealthy Nixon-appointed ambassadors as Arthur Watson in Paris and Walter Annenberg in London of their indebtedness to the party. Kalmbach is no piker. Two years ago, he and his friend, White House Aide Bob Haldeman, reportedly raised \$3,000,000 to help finance the campaigns of key G.O.P. senatorial candidates.

A private man who refuses all interviews, Kalmbach, 50, is described as a "super-WASP" who "never shows what's beneath the veneer." Bob Finch has been known to kid him about his "laundry list," a daily schedule of chores that range from picking up the cleaning to putting the arm on a Republican campaign contributor. In all his doings, acquaintances say he is the picture of the perfect Nixonian—calculating, methodical, conservative and, above all, discreet.

Indeed, he works so much behind the scenes that he is still not widely known in the Los Angeles legal community. He would like to keep it that way. When *Who's Who* recently asked him for the first time to submit his application, he dutifully listed the names of his wife, his three children, the three country clubs he belongs to and his various jobs and titles. Though it will never appear in *Who's Who*, his No. 1 occupation is best summed up by a fellow Los Angeles attorney. "I have never heard another lawyer talk about Kalmbach as a lawyer. He is known as a fund raiser and a friend of the White House."

Wiretapping Wipe-Out

When he was sworn in as Attorney General more than three years ago, John Mitchell vowed that a major goal during his tenure at the Justice Department would be a systematic crackdown on organized crime and the narcotics traffic. Since then, the Government has made an impressive attempt to keep Mitchell's promise, bringing indictments against 4,934 supposed evildoers since 1969. But some of that accomplishment will apparently be undone because Mitchell failed to observe the law governing the authorization of wiretaps. As many as 1,000 defendants could have their cases thrown out of court as a result of improper procedures in the Attorney General's office. Says one Justice Department official: "This is the biggest goof-up we've ever had."

Under the Omnibus Crime Control and Safe Streets Act of 1968, only the Attorney General or a "specialty designated" Assistant Attorney General has the power to authorize federal investigators to seek a court warrant for wiretapping. The law deliberately limited authorization of wiretaps in order to allay fears of widespread, unchecked surveillance. In the Nixon Administration, only Mitchell was legally empowered to authorize wiretaps. He did not delegate that authority to an Assistant Attorney General permitted under the law, to act in his behalf.

Yet for nearly 21 months—from April 1970 to November 1971—wiretap applications were often reviewed and granted, not by Mitchell, but by a civil service bureaucrat. An aide scrawled Mitchell's initials on many of the 375 wiretap authorizations made during that period. Since many of the cases involved are based primarily on evidence obtained by electronic surveillance, Government prosecutors find their cases collapsing after trial judges disallow the improperly authorized wiretaps. So far, 78 are being challenged

in court; an appellate court has overturned the convictions of members of a smuggling organization in Miami, and a Detroit judge has suppressed wiretap evidence in a gambling case.

According to Justice Department procedures, after Mitchell gave the go-ahead, Will Wilson, a former Assistant Attorney General in charge of the criminal division, was to write a formal letter instructing investigators to get a court order for the proposed eavesdrop. But many of Wilson's letters were actually signed by two of his aides, Henry Petersen and Harold Shapiro. Both Mitchell and Wilson permitted aides to sign for them, despite the legal requirement that Mitchell or a designated assistant personally review each bugging application. The practice went on until James Hogan, a defense lawyer in the Miami case, noticed the irregularity. Said Hogan: "When I examined the various authorization papers, I saw that Will Wilson's signature was written three different ways. Once it was even misspelled." Precisely how many cases could be thrown out of court because of the irregularities is still not determined. Petersen, now an Assistant Attorney General, says: "We don't want to know that. It's not going to make us feel any better."

ECCENTRICS

Howard Lives

They were perhaps the first honest words that Clifford Irving had uttered publicly about the substance of the case. After months of embroidered fabrications—tales of secret tapings in Mexico, an "autobiography" poured forth at mysterious rendezvous in hotel rooms and parked cars—Irving stood in U.S. District Court in Manhattan's Foley Square last week and confessed in a subdued voice: "I conspired to convince the McGraw-Hill Book Company that I

HUGHES' NEW QUARTERS IN TOWER OF VANCOUVER'S BAYSHORE INN





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GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS

THE NATION

was in communication with Howard Hughes, and in fact I was not."

With that, Irving and his wife Edith pleaded guilty to federal charges of conspiracy. Then they walked a few blocks to the Criminal Courts Building, where they joined their collaborator, Researcher-Writer Richard Suskind. In State Supreme Court all three pleaded guilty to New York's charges of grand larceny and conspiracy in the \$750,000 hoax. The Irving and Suskind were released again on bond to await sentencing on June 16. Even the guilty pleas may not be the end of the tangled story: the federal grand jury in Manhattan continued last week to issue subpoenas in the case.

With sentencing still almost three months away, Irving will have time to arrange settlement of his own complicated finances. He is virtually certain to try to sell a new book, this time recounting how he put together the false autobiography, and use part of the proceeds to pay back the money he extracted from McGraw-Hill. One rumor had it that a New York agency called Creative Management Associates, which represents Irving, has bought the rights to the planned book for \$380,000—and is supposedly asking \$1,000,000 for the film rights. Of Irving's \$380,000, \$200,000 would purportedly go to McGraw-Hill, which would also receive the cash still being held in Swiss bank accounts; \$40,000 would go to pay his lawyers' fees, and \$40,000 to Swiss authorities as a fine to keep Mrs. Irving from going to jail in Switzerland. That would leave the Irving's with a profit of \$100,000 for their inventive labors.

Poltergeist. The day after the Irving's pleaded guilty, Howard Hughes, the sometimes eerie presence in the case, was rattling around again like a restless poltergeist. He had spent 19 days ensconced in the Hotel Inter-Continental in Managua, Nicaragua, where he may have discussed a link between his Hughes Air West and the country's national airline, and possibly tried to unload two of his mothballed four-engine Convair 880 jets. In another elusively Hughesian airlift he was spirited out of Managua and moved to yet another bank of upper-story suites, this time on the 19th and 20th floors of the opulent Bayshore Inn in Vancouver, B.C.

Unlike his earlier moves from Las Vegas to Nassau and from Nassau to Managua, this trip was not entirely secret. For the first time in over a decade, several people from the outside world actually met him. At the Managua airport just before he left, Hughes talked for more than an hour with Nicaraguan President Anastasio Somoza and U.S. Ambassador Turner B. Shelton.

By Shelton's account, he and Somoza climbed aboard Hughes' Gulfstream jet at about 10:40 p.m. "Hughes is quite tall and thin," Shelton said later. "He appeared in good health, was very affable. He shook hands twice, very vigorously. He looks like the old pictures

of him, but a little older. His hair was cut normally. He is certainly an interesting man. He was very pleasant and gracious for my help in setting up the meeting. He thanked Somoza for his hospitality. He said he was off on a business trip."

When Hughes arrived in Vancouver, according to Canadian Customs Officer John Jackson, he was wearing pajamas, robe and slippers. Unaccountably, Jackson said that Hughes was wearing only a thin mustache and not the Vandyke beard that Shelton said he had when he left Nicaragua. "He looked weary and tired, with a thin, lined face and graying hair slicked back," Jackson said. An aide told customs authorities that Hughes would probably not stay in Canada more than three months, the maximum allowed for visitors without visas. Hughes was spared one routine question directed at arrivals in Canada: no one asked him if

RACES

Frail Black Consensus

Inside the vast gymnasium of West Side High School in Gary, Ind., a kaleidoscope swirled and shifted: elegant pantsuits vied with flowing African dresses. Brightly colored, long-collared shirts from Harlem's streets brushed past stetsons and string ties from Texas. The careful tailoring of pin-stripe suits contrasted with the bulky military garb of the separatist army of the Republic of New Africa. The politics of the assembled blacks—3,009 delegates to the first national political convention of blacks in the U.S.—were as wildly varied as their attire.

The meeting in Gary grew out of an almost year-long series of small gatherings of black politicians and community leaders. The aim: formulation of a black strategy for the 1972 elections.



DELEGATES AT THE CONVENTION IN GARY RAISE BLACK POWER SALUTE
An encounter of militants and integrationists.

he had enough money to ensure that he would not become a public charge while in the country.

What would Hughes do in Canada? He was not there on business, an aide insisted. "He'll spend the days sitting and watching movies." Coincidentally or not, however, officials of Dominion Aircraft, a firm that has been noisily seeking financing for a short-takeoff-and-landing plane, have booked rooms two floors below Hughes' at the Bayshore Inn.

The security arrangements surrounding Hughes are as rigid as ever, but there are hints that he might take one minute step toward interrupting his frogolytic existence. In Los Angeles, a spokesman said that Hughes might soon release a new photograph of himself, the first to reach the public since the early 1950s.

Delegate slates were to be made up of every black elected official, plus community workers chosen in proportion to the black population of each state. Many states did not come up with a full slate; seven states were not represented at all. Some delegates could not afford to travel to Gary, or to pay the \$25 registration fee.

Resolutions and position papers were hastily compiled; organizations with greater resources were able to push their views more effectively than other factions at the convention. The result: black-nationalist groups supplanted moderates, and urban leaders from the North dominated the proceedings, instead of rural Southern black officeholders and civil rights workers.

The convention began with a searing speech by Gary Mayor Richard Hatcher, one of the first blacks to be

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1969

Riverside, 2/15, 1st Place, L. Mueller
Willow Springs, 3/23, 1st Place, L. Mueller
Holtville, 4/13, 1st Place, D. Devendorf
Marlboro, 4/13, 1st Place, J. Kelly
Stuttgart, 4/20, 1st Place, G. Smiley
Cumberland, 5/17, 1st Place, B. Krokus
Watkins Glen, 8/9, 1st Place, B. Krokus
Lake Afton, 8/17, 1st Place, J. Kelly
Salt Lake, Labor Day, 1st Place, L. Mueller
San Marcos, Labor Day, 1st Place, T. Waugh
Bryar, Labor Day, 1st Place, J. Kelly
Gateway, 9/21, 1st Place, G. Smiley
Pocono, 10/11, 1st Place, J. Kelly
Daytona, Thanksgiving, 1st Place, L. Mueller

1970

Pocono, 5/2, 1st Place, K. Slagle
Wentzville, 5/25, 1st Place, G. Smiley
Riverside, 7/4, 1st Place, J. Barker
Wentzville, 7/4, 1st Place, G. Smiley
Lime Rock, 7/4, 1st Place, J. Aronson
Olathe, 7/19, 1st Place, J. Speck
Pittsburgh, 8/2, 1st Place, J. Kelly
Daytona, 8/2, 1st Place, H. Le Vasseur
Watkins Glen, 8/16, 1st Place, J. Aronson
Lake Afton, 8/16, 1st Place, G. Smiley
Green Valley, 10/22, 1st Place, J. Speck
Atlanta, Thanksgiving, 1st Place, J. Kelly

1971

Riverside, 2/14, 1st Place, L. Mueller
Dallas, 2/14, 1st Place, J. Ray
Phoenix, 2/27, 1st Place, L. Mueller
Arkansas, 2/27, 1st Place, J. Ray
Willow, 3/14, 1st Place, M. Meyer
Stuttgart, 4/18, 1st Place, J. Ray
Summit Pt., 4/18, 1st Place, K. Slagle
Arkansas, 4/27, 1st Place, J. Kelly
San Marcos, 5/2, 1st Place, R. Knowlton
Bridgehampton, 5/2, 1st Place, K. Slagle
Cumberland, 5/16, 1st Place, J. Kelly
Lime Rock, 5/29, 1st Place, J. Kelly
Cajun, 5/29, 1st Place, J. Speck
Portland, 8/13, 1st Place, J. Speck
Thompson, 6/13, 1st Place, K. Slagle
Laguna, 6/20, 1st Place, L. Mueller
Lime Rock, 7/4, 1st Place, J. Kelly
Ponca City, 7/4, 1st Place, J. Speck
Bryar, 9/5, 1st Place, K. Slagle
Portland, 9/12, 1st Place, M. Meyer

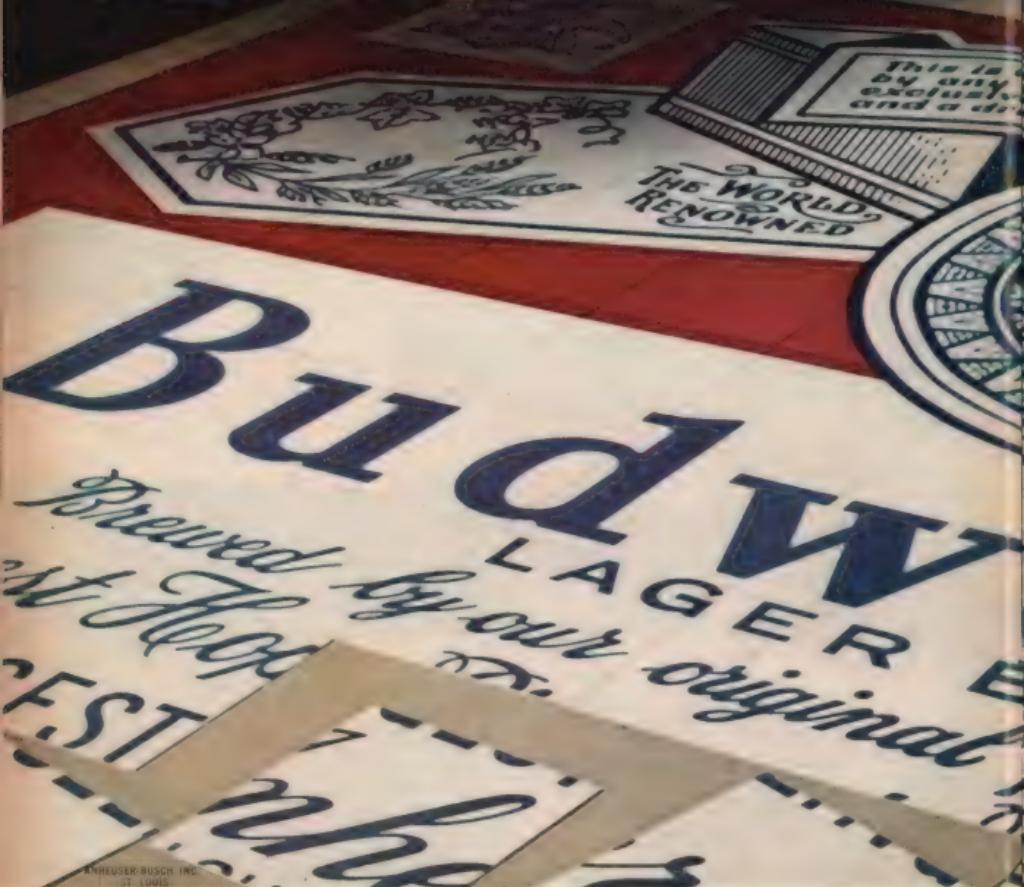


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Your Continental Insurance Agent

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2 WAY
WRIST
T.V.



elected mayor of a major U.S. city. Said Hatcher: "We are through believing. We are through hoping. We are through trusting in the two major white American political parties. Hereafter, we shall rely on the power of our own black unity."

Committees working on segments of the agenda encountered the full range of philosophies within the black community: militants exhorting the convention to demand freedom for "political prisoners," and conservatives in search of more law-and-order in the ghetto; separatists anxious to set aside part of the South as a new black nation and integrationists pushing for open housing and busing. The result was a platform with more than 70 separate items, cajoled and gaveted past the delegates by Imam Amiri Baraka, the Newark black nationalist leader and poet once known as LeRoi Jones. Among the major points on the partly sensible, largely utopian agenda:

- Congressional representation for blacks proportionate to the population. The convention called for a minimum of 66 Representatives and 15 Senators, with a comparable black voice in local and state governments.

- Free national health insurance and day-care centers.

- An increase in federal spending to combat organized crime and drug traffic; a 50% cut in military and space-program spending.

- A guaranteed annual income of \$6,500 for a family of four, compared with the \$2,400 minimum in the Administration's proposed Family Assistance Plan.

- "Reparations" in money and real estate for blacks, the amounts to be fixed by a national black commission.

Snuck Through. The most controversial measure passed at the convention was contained not in the original agenda but in a resolution calling for an end to busing. It was the bombshell of the meeting. Proposed by the South Carolina delegation, the resolution stated flatly: "We condemn racial integration of schools as a bankrupt and suicidal method of desegregating the schools based on the false notion that black children are unable to learn unless they are in the same setting as white children. As an alternative to busing black children to achieve racial balance, we demand quality education in the black community through the control of our school districts and an equal share of the money." After the convention, however, some black leaders backed away from that rigid a position. The black caucus in Congress issued a statement underscoring their support of busing as one way to achieve equal educational opportunity. Another politically explosive resolution passed in the waning moments of the meeting after many delegates had left the floor was a statement calling for the "dismantlement of Israel." Said Hatcher: "I think it was snuck through.

It was a most unfortunate incident."

The convention left several significant things undone. It took no stand on the formation of a black third party; since nearly half of the delegates were black elected officials, any move to undermine their bases within the major parties would have caused a major rupture. Similarly, a drive to endorse the presidential candidacy of Representative Shirley Chisholm never reached the microphones.

No one can say that the agenda and resolutions passed at the convention truly represented black opinion in America. The *Chicago Defender*, one of the nation's most influential black dailies, raged editorially that the convention was a "babel of ideologies, half-baked dilettantism and infantile assumptions. It had a chance to be a force in the consortium of American politics, and it has muffed it." As an institution, a black convention is probably years away from having any serious influence on presidential politics. Its continuing steering committee will nonetheless push the major parties to incorporate some of its goals this year. Its most notable achievement, despite rhetorical excesses, was bringing together blacks as diverse as Birchers and the Weatherman and forging a frail but important agreement about their mutual concerns.

to raise \$3,800 to pay for the expensive legal maneuvers they hoped would keep the children here.

At first Judge Turner felt he would have no choice but to return the children to their mother, who, by Czech standards, could provide them with a comfortable home. She had flown to California to press her cause. But in the three weeks before the hearing began, she was able to make little headway toward gaining the children's affection. On the day the hearing started the mother and the children were actually avoiding each other.

Last week Judge Turner surprised almost everyone when he finally ruled that the children should remain. Vlasta reported her brother's reaction: "Yippee! Hooray! We're going to stay." The judge denied that his decision was politically motivated and declared that the

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Double Czech

In August 1968, ten days after Soviet tanks crushed into Czechoslovakia, an electrician named Bedrich Gabriel fled the country with his two young children, leaving his wife behind. He settled with his mother in Yucaipa, Calif., 15 miles from San Bernardino. It seemed a poignant displacement of the cold war, nothing more. Gabriel's wife Vlasta, a component designer for a construction firm, opted to stay in Czechoslovakia, where she won a divorce and legal custody of the children. When Bedrich died in 1969, Vlasta, who had remarried, decided to ask U.S. courts for custody of the kids. The father had entrusted the children—Vlasta, 9, and Bedrich, 7—to a local couple, Roy and Madeline Smith, who became their foster parents: after Bedrich's death, the Smiths filed suit for legal guardianship (TIME, Jan. 31).

That made the story a particularly wrenching drama. A Czech government official promised trouble if the children were not awarded to the mother. The staunch Yucaipa community felt strongly that they should stay. Three weeks ago, when California State Superior Court Judge Don Turner started hearing testimony in the case, angry Czech refugees demonstrated outside the court, demanding that the children be allowed to remain in the U.S. The townspeople had held rallies, raffles, recycling drives and Tupperware parties



VLASTA WITH FAMILY
Maybe it's Women's Lib.

mother is "intelligent and probably sensitive." Claiming what to skeptical observers seemed like an extraordinary degree of psychological insight, he added: "My observations in the past six weeks just confirmed what apparently she is: she finds it difficult to express warmth and feeling. I'm sure she's got them—maybe it's the nature of living in a Communist society or her own nature or maybe it's Women's Lib. I don't know."

Lawyer David Leavitt, who argued the case for the American foster parents, insisted that neither was at issue. He observed: "It is not enough under the laws of California to have simply given birth.... The custody case, my argument and the judge's decision were all based entirely upon the actual relationship between the children and their mother, and nothing else. The decision would have been identical whether the mother had lived in Switzerland or India or Oshkosh."

THE DOLLAR

At Last, A Hint of Reform

JOHN B. CONNALLY has won a reputation of being, in his own words, "a sort of bullyboy on the manicured playing fields of international finance." That puts it mildly. The Treasury Secretary's frequent advice in White House strategy sessions on how to deal with an adversary is "Let's kick him in the nuts." But the wavy-haired Texan also knows how to turn thoughtful money diplomat when he cannot avoid it, and last week he veered again in that direction.



CHICAGO BANKER GAYLORD FREEMAN
Planning convertibility. . .

Speaking in Manhattan to the Council on Foreign Relations, he announced that the U.S. is about to start talks leading toward long-term reform of the international monetary system and a new role for the dollar in global finance. He signaled that an urgent message has finally gotten through to the Nixon Administration. The message: the dollar is still in deep trouble abroad.

Yo-Yo Going Down. American tourists who thought that the December devaluation had stabilized the dollar rate have been startled to find it bouncing up and down like a yo-yo—but mostly down. "They come into the hotel and walk over to the board that lists exchange rates, shake their heads and mumble," says a Paris Hilton executive.

European nations and Japan will no longer buy up unlimited amounts of dollars in order to keep the price of greenbacks from falling through the floor set by last December's devaluation. French

Finance Minister Valéry Giscard d'Estaing bluntly told a recent Versailles meeting of the heads of 100 multinational corporations that "the era of massive dollar purchases by European central banks is over." Instead, major nations have started imposing capital controls that amount to the posting of a huge **DOLLARS KEEP OUT** sign. Some examples: The Netherlands government has banned payment of interest on foreign dollar deposits in Dutch banks; Japan forbids manufacturers to accept large advance dollar payments for exports without specific permission from the Finance Ministry. A further spread of such controls could lead to serious blockages of international trade, lending and investment.

Taking Stock. Dollars are distrusted because foreigners already have so many that they cannot use. Foreign central banks have more than \$50 billion in dollar holdings—money that the U.S. poured abroad in past years to invest in European companies, to finance the Viet Nam War and to extend foreign aid. Since the U.S. stopped selling gold for dollars last August, the banks cannot do much more than sit on their nonconvertible dollars. They cannot be used to repay loans from the International Monetary Fund, such as a \$1 billion British debt that falls due in June, because the IMF is stuffed with almost as many dollars as it can legally hold. Nor can they be readily sold for other currencies, since hardly anyone wants to buy dollars.

The devaluation agreement pledged the U.S. to enter into talks on reform of the whole monetary system, partly to make it less dependent upon the dollar as a key currency, and also to work toward making the dollar convertible into something or other. Chicago Banker Gaylord Freeman has proposed that the Treasury buy up stocks in U.S. corporations and sell them to foreign central banks for unwanted dollars. Connally, however, had been totally silent until last week, preferring to wait for an improvement in the U.S. payments balance that would permit Washington to negotiate from strength.

As the U.S. position continued instead to weaken, the official attitude began to change. Two weeks ago, Federal Reserve Chairman Arthur Burns told other central bankers that the board would let U.S. short-term interest rates rise—a move that should help stanch the flow of dollars abroad in search of a higher return. Then, at mid-week, Connally declared in Manhattan that he was dispatching Treasury Under Sec-

retary Paul Volcker to confer with foreign officials about first steps toward long-run monetary reform.

That is barely the beginning of a beginning. The eventual aim of a reform must be to replace the dollar with some other form of money as the world's principal trading and reserve currency. The new substitute will probably be a vastly increased supply of IMF Special Drawing Rights. This historic switch will reduce the political-economic power of the U.S. by making it tougher for it to finance military operations and factory building abroad. Volcker's first job will only be to talk about the proper forum for negotiations. Connally has had enough of the European-dominated



FRANCE'S VALÉRY GISCARD D'ESTAING
. . . into something or other.

Group of Ten rich industrial nations, with which he has had four abrasive meetings. He seems to be thinking of a group of 20 countries that would include developing Asian, African and Latin American nations. Actual bargaining may take two or three years.

Different Hat. Still, Connally seems to have created the sense of U.S. movement necessary to calm the currency markets and placate foreign officials. French President Georges Pompidou late last week uncharacteristically declared himself "optimistic" about Washington's current line. Maintaining that feeling of momentum through the difficult reform negotiations ahead will be a constant problem, and more gestures of U.S. concern will undoubtedly be needed. One of the first should be some concrete move to help the British repay their IMF loan. The U.S. could do so by borrowing foreign currencies from the IMF and selling them to

London in return for some of the dollars that no one wants.

Connally may well be in charge of the negotiations for reform all the way through. He complained last week that responsibility for the nation's foreign economic policy is scattered throughout many Government bodies, and he is obviously seeking to gather all the decision-making power into his Treasury office. He is particularly annoyed at the diffusion of power over trade policy, which he wants reformed in parallel negotiations. There are rumors that he will become Secretary of State if President Nixon is re-elected. Such a switch probably would only mean that Connally would decide foreign economic policy while wearing a different hat.

PHASE II

The Buck Stopped There

Until now, the Pay Board and the Price Commission have not exactly acquired a reputation for firm gutsiness. While many wage and price increases have been properly trimmed, some embarrassingly large raises have been allowed to go through. Last week, however, both panels struck out against inflationary permissiveness.

Dean C. Jackson Grayson's Price Commission lowered the average yearly increase allowed large firms under its Term Limit Pricing rule from 2% to 1.8%. Grayson also properly chastised Agriculture Secretary Earl Butz, who had praised the present high meat prices before a cattlemen's group a few days earlier. Butz's speech was "damaging to the stabilization program," bristled Grayson. "Everyone must work to hold prices down, not push prices up as Secretary Butz is advocating."

Meanwhile, Judge George Boldt's Pay Board thumbed down a 20.9% first-year raise for West Coast longshoremen. The board voted instead to allow a 14.9% increase, generous by almost any standard. The move represented the first time that the board had refused any sizable demand from a union with the clout to inflict serious damage on the economy by striking. The board did reduce an aerospace workers' contract increase from 12% to 8% earlier this year, but that industry was already so weak that the workers were not likely to risk walking out.

The longshoremen's contract had ended a devastating 134-day strike last month against the shipping companies. The contract called for first-year increases of 16% in pay and 4.9% in fringes. The Pay Board allowed all the fringes but cut the wage increase to 10%. Though board rules permit a maximum combined increase of 8.9% in most cases, a board staff report suggested that the dock workers' increased productivity might merit them an exception to the rules. West Coast longshoremen have shown a huge 134% in-



DOCK WORKERS IN SAN FRANCISCO
Clouting a union with clout.

crease in output per man-hour over the past decade. Said Harry Bridges, their president: "The workers I represent produce one hell of a lot for the wages they get."

The board was only slightly impressed, since the union had already been rewarded in previous contracts for some of the productivity gains. In addition, many of the companies that signed the contract had not even waited for the Pay Board to act before applying for freight-rate increases of 15% to 25% to offset increased labor costs. Thus the contract's inflationary potential was almost immediately apparent.

Bridges has vowed to lead his men back out on strike if the Pay Board cuts the contract "by as much as 1¢." Since Bridges is suspected by many in his rank and file of being too accommodating with management, he will be under pressure to carry out the threat. His union's recent strike ended only days before Congress passed legislation providing for binding arbitration of the dispute. But the measure does not apply in this instance, since the contract has been accepted by both the union and the shippers. If Bridges' men walk out again, it may take another act of Congress to bring them back.

TRADE

The Cost of Quotas

When Congress debates foreign-trade policy, protectionist lobbyists are always on hand to reel off doleful statistics of plants closed and jobs lost because of competition from imports. At last free traders are acquiring some figures to throw back. In a study to be published shortly by the American Import-

THE ECONOMY

ers Association, Economist C. Fred Bergsten, a former aide to Henry Kissinger, adds up the bill that the U.S. consumer is paying for protectionism. His estimate: tariffs, quotas and other devices raise American living costs by \$10 billion to \$15 billion a year.

The most direct cost comes from tariffs, but it is relatively minor—about \$2 billion a year added to the price of imported merchandise. Much more inflationary, Bergsten finds, are the quotas that the U.S. imposes on a lengthening list of products: oil, steel, meat, sugar, textiles. Such quotas now apply to products that make up 15% to 20% of the consumer price index. They hurt consumers by forcing them to buy more expensive U.S. goods and encouraging American manufacturers to raise prices more than they would dare if they were faced with unrestricted foreign competition.

Oil quotas alone, according to the estimate of a presidential task force, cost consumers more than \$5 billion a year. Sugar quotas, Bergsten figures, add another \$500 million to \$750 million to consumer bills by keeping U.S. prices twice as high as the world price. Dairy-product quotas, he calculates, raise living costs about \$500 million a year, while restraints on meat imports increase shoppers' expenses by \$350 million annually. The meat quotas "hit low-income families with particular severity because most meat imports are used in the manufacture of lower-cost items such as frankfurters and hamburgers."

Labor Push. Even these costs pale in comparison with what consumers would face if Congress were to pass the Hartke-Burke bill. On nearly all imports that measure would provide for quotas aimed at rolling back the inflow of foreign goods to 1965-69 levels. Bergsten warns that the resulting price rises might well be great enough to defeat the Administration's Phase II policy, and might necessitate stricter controls.

The Hartke-Burke bill is being sponsored by four Senators and 66 Representatives and pushed by the AFL-CIO in a break with unionism's free-trade tradition. In Bergsten's view, that reversal has come about because workers in steel, textiles, shoes and glass, whose industries have been hurt by imports, are heavily overrepresented in the AFL-CIO, while workers in big exporting industries like chemicals and machinery are underrepresented. Fortunately, the dangerous Hartke-Burke bill is likely to be bottled up in committee this year. Its existence, however, and the protectionist strength indicated by its list of sponsors, is having a negative effect on trade policy. The Nixon Administration is afraid to submit to Congress a much-needed bill giving the President authority to negotiate new tariff concessions because it might backfire by attracting protectionist amendments similar to the quota provisions of the Hartke-Burke bill.

MIDDLE EAST

A Bold New Plan for Peace

UNTIL last week, virtually no progress had been made toward peace between Israel and its Arab neighbors since the end of the Six-Day War in June 1967. Then, in what King Hussein described as a "historical pronouncement," Jordan's plucky ruler outlined a bold, ambitious plan that could conceivably normalize relations between his country and Israel—with potentially far-reaching consequences for the entire Middle East.

In a speech at Basman Palace in Amman, Hussein addressed 500 of his subjects, including representatives of the Israeli-occupied West Bank of the Jordan River. The King proposed the creation of a new autonomous region of Palestine, consisting of the West Bank with its 620,000 Arab residents. Jordan and this new region would form a political entity called the United Arab Kingdom. "Any other Palestinian territories to be liberated" could also become part of the autonomous region, Hussein said. That was an oblique reference to the Gaza Strip (pop. 360,000), an Israeli-occupied Arab area that was administered by Egypt before 1967. The two parts of the United Arab Kingdom would each elect legislative councils, which in turn would choose their own governors-general. The Palestinian capital would be in the old Arab sector of Jerusalem: foreign affairs, defense and the economy would be controlled by a national government in Amman, over which Hussein would preside. The King did not specify the timetable for this "new step toward liberation."

Vital Interests. Israel's official response was negative and then some. In the opening speech of a Knesset (Parliament) debate on the proposal, Premier Golda Meir was both skeptical and sarcastic. The King's message, she said, "is a pretentious and one-sided state-

ment which not only does not serve the interests of peace but is liable to spur on the extremist elements [in the Arab world] whose aim is war against Israel." Predictably, Mrs. Meir was totally opposed to Hussein's suggestion that Israel surrender part of Jerusalem and the Gaza Strip to enlarge his nation. "He crowns himself king of Jerusalem," she said scornfully, "and envisions himself as ruler of larger territories than were under his control prior to the rout of June 1967." Nonetheless she conceded that "the truth of the matter is that this plan affects Israel's most vital interests." The Knesset thereupon adopted a resolution urging the government to "continue to negotiate" with Jordan—a calculated signal to Amman.

Mrs. Meir's remarks in the Knesset sounded unusually harsh toward the most moderate Arab leader that Israel faces. Conceivably, the scornful tone had been deliberately tailored to spare Hussein from Arab antagonism; an immediate sign of Israeli enthusiasm would have meant the kiss of death for the King. If that was the case, her seemingly undiplomatic diplomacy was well-advised. Even before Hussein announced his plan, rumors abounded in the Middle East that Israel and Jordan had already mapped out a peace plan

at a series of secret meetings. Reported details of the agreement included extraterritoriality for Moslem shrines in Jerusalem and Arab sectors of the city, and Israeli withdrawal from a demilitarized West Bank, except for a string of armed settlements near the river.

Premier Meir and King Hussein explicitly denied that any deal had been made or was contemplated. Still, as Jerusalem's Arab newspaper *Al Quds* commented, it was difficult to believe that Hussein would have proposed so far-reaching a plan "without some behind-the-scenes activities." In fact, high Jordanian and Israeli officials have held a series of secret meetings over the past few months. Hussein and Israel's Deputy Premier Yigal Allon had lengthy talks in Amman in November. Mrs. Meir and the King followed these with a private meeting at which they discussed the prerequisites for peace between their nations.

CIA-Inspired. One thing about the Jordanian plan was certain last week: it will have thunderous effects on Israeli politics. The idea of creating an autonomous Palestinian region, returning Arab Jerusalem to Jordanian control, and establishing *ma'abid* (fortified) settlements on the West Bank are also contained in the 1967 peace plan proposed by and named after Allon. The Deputy Premier, who likes Hussein's proposals, is a certain candidate for Mrs. Meir's job if the 74-year-old grandmother chooses not to run again in Israel's autumn general election.

Hussein reportedly briefed other Arab leaders on his proposals before the palace speech, and promised not to undermine Egypt's efforts to negotiate a reopening of the Suez Canal. Perhaps for that reason, the reaction of other Arab nations was angry—but not nearly so angry as it might have been. The militant government of Iraq, which is fanatically opposed to Hussein, refused to receive a delegation that the King sent to explain his proposals. In Cairo, the semi-official newspaper *Al Ahram* charged that the proposals had been "in-

HUSSEIN SPEAKING IN AMMAN



GOLDA MEIR LISTENING IN KNESSET



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spired by the CIA to liquidate the Palestine question." But the leaders of Egypt, Libya and Syria, who were meeting in Cairo, made no immediate comment.

On the West Bank, the reaction of Palestinians was mixed. A few Arab leaders praised Hussein, but since West Bankers generally have little more use for the King than for their Israeli rulers, the principal reaction was indifference. "We have heard words for so long that we don't care any more," said an auto dealer in Nablus. Some were openly cynical about the timing of Hussein's proposals. For one thing, it appeared that the King was trying to outmaneuver the fedayeen's Palestine Liberation Organization, which is on the verge of creating a Palestinian government-in-exile. For another, Hussein's speech came on the last day of registering candidates for the municipal elections on the West Bank that Israel had ordered to take place March 28. Hussein mentioned the elections only in passing, but it was obvious that he hoped to influence them by making his proposals an issue. Presumably he has. In a final spurt of civic consciousness, 141 Arab candidates entered the elections, which some West Bank leaders had initially wanted their people to boycott.

Capitalist Plot. In a pre-speech briefing of his Cabinet, Hussein declared that his plan had East-West support. It is true that he had advised the ambassadors of France, Russia, Britain and the U.S. of it before his speech, but he may well have been exaggerating the degree of Big Power approval. Privately, U.S. State Department officials are encouraged that Hussein has done something to get Middle East peace talks off dead center; but they are reluctant to endorse the plan for fear of antagonizing Hussein's supersensitive Arab neighbors. At the United Nations last week, Soviet diplomats privately mocked the proposals as a "capitalist plot" to undermine the Arabs. Officially, however, there was no instant rebuff from Moscow, which lately has preferred diplomacy in the Middle East to hostile encounters. Hussein will visit Washington soon to discuss his plan with Richard Nixon, and wants to stop in London, Paris and Moscow for similar high-level talks. Presumably, the President will discuss the implications of Hussein's proposals with Soviet leaders at the Moscow summit in May.

In spite of the secret talks, Israel and Jordan have not reached agreement on all the elements involved in a peace plan or on how to formalize and implement it. Hussein, for all his courage, cannot make a unilateral settlement that Palestinians or his tougher-minded Arab neighbors would regard as a sellout. To do so would be to risk his life and his throne. Nonetheless, in a troubled area where stalemate and hostility represent status quo, there was a measure of hope to be taken in the fact that someone at last had made a different move.

DIPLOMACY

Contact in Paris

In their Shanghai communiqué, Premier Chou En-lai and President Nixon agreed to establish a permanent channel for Sino-American contacts. Washington and Peking have now settled on the location as (where else?) Paris.

One morning last week U.S. Ambassador to France Arthur K. Watson pulled up in his beflagged Cadillac outside the Chinese embassy at 11 Avenue George-V. He was ushered alone into the richly decorated embassy* to meet his Chinese counterpart, Huang Chen.

Over Chinese seed cake and tea, the two men talked through an interpreter for 50 minutes. They did not discuss any substantive issues, but they set up ar-



CHINA'S HUANG CHEN

U.S. AMBASSADOR ARTHUR WATSON

rangements for the next meeting, which will probably be held in the U.S. embassy. At the close of the visit, Huang escorted Watson back to his car. Watson in turn called Huang "cher ami," and told newsmen: "We had a very warm and friendly discussion, and we hope it is the beginning of many others."

The pronounced cordiality of the Sino-American contact contrasted sharply with the abrasive hostility that has marked the long-stalled Vietnam peace talks. In fact, there was some speculation that the Chinese had a special motivation in choosing Paris as the site for Sino-American contacts. They wanted to show the cantankerous North Vietnamese that Hanoi's displeasure will not deter Peking from following its new line in foreign policy.

Huang, 64, is a close associate of Chou En-lai and the only Chinese ambassador who is a member of the party's

* In Manhattan, the Chinese last week settled for less elegant surroundings to house their United Nations delegation. They bought a ten-story hotel on West 65th Street, in an unfashionable but gradually improving area near Lincoln Center.

Central Committee. Huang participated in the Long March and rose to major general during the war against the Nationalists. Arthur Watson, 52, has little diplomatic experience. Until his appointment to the Paris embassy in 1970, Watson, a son of the builder of International Business Machines, was chairman of the company's overseas operations. That background should come in handy on trade problems. To help resolve other matters, the State Department plans either to station one or two of its China experts in Paris or to fly them over before each ambassadorial session.

Members of Nixon's China team privately concede that the results of the contact "so far have been a one-way street"—Peking's. U.S. diplomats hope that Watson can press for several still unfulfilled U.S. goals, including freer access to China for U.S. journalists,



businessmen and cultural groups. Peking, however, has insisted that it is interested only in "people-to-people" contacts, which means that the Chinese hope to bypass the U.S. Government altogether and deal directly with private U.S. citizens and companies.

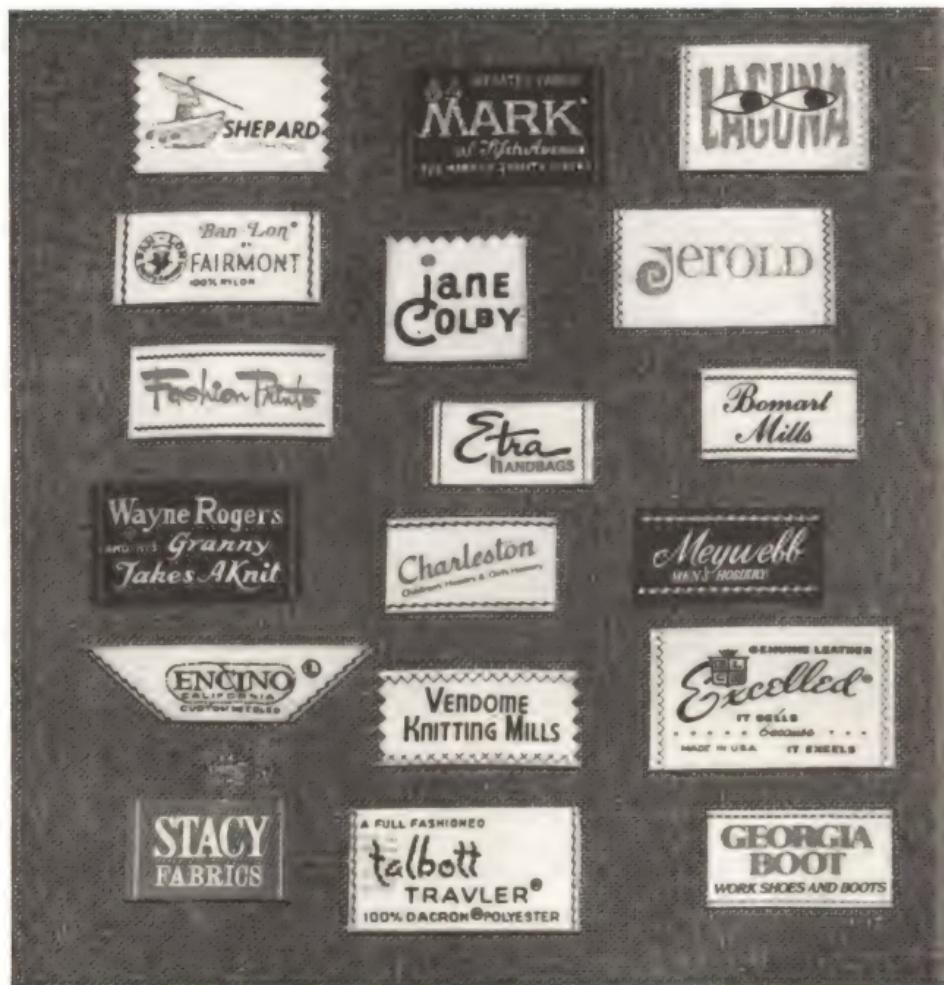
Straight Arrow. Watson's position in the capital may be seriously weakened before substantive negotiations in Paris begin. According to Columnist Jack Anderson, who says he interviewed several fellow passengers, the ambassador got "gloriously drunk" on a Pan American flight to Washington, where he was going for talks with the President. As Anderson tells it, Watson began demanding drinks before the jet took off, used abusive language to the cabin personnel, and tried to tuck \$40 in bills into the blouse of a stewardess.

There are no similar public accusations on Watson's record. In fact, he is as unbending and formal in his role as ambassador that his aides refer to him as "the Straight Arrow." Yet it is known that when he does unwind with

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THE WORLD

a drink, he tends to be giddy in true college-boy fashion. In response to the Anderson report, the State Department, acting on White House instructions, declared that Watson continued to enjoy the President's confidence. But the State Department did not make an outright denial of the incident.

In Paris, Watson refused to comment. There was speculation that Nixon might allow Watson to ride out the bad publicity and then quietly submit his resignation after the furor has died down. It may not be that simple. Senator Frank Church has demanded that the Senate Foreign Relations Committee investigate the charges at once to determine if the ambassador is the right man to represent the U.S. in the broadening contacts with China.

COMMON MARKET

Pompidou's Grenade

It was Georges Pompidou who ended France's decade-long opposition to British membership in the Common Market. Last week the French President unexpectedly—and presumably unintentionally—threw a grenade in Britain's path to Brussels. At the end of an Elysée Palace press conference, Pompidou announced that he would call a national referendum in late April on the treaties admitting Britain, Ireland, Norway and Denmark to the six-nation Market. The French people, he explained, should be allowed to "express their opinion directly on this new policy of a new Europe."

There were domestic political considerations behind Pompidou's proposal, but its major impact was in Britain. Most notably, it put a new weapon in the hands of Britain's anti-Market politicians, who have been trying to force Tory Prime Minister Edward Heath to put the issue before the British public in just such a referendum. In Parliament, one group of anti-Market M.P.s in Heath's own party tabled a motion hailing Pompidou's "fundamentally democratic decision."

Molding a Mandate. Pompidou rather inexplicably failed to give Heath advance notice of the Elysée announcement, even though he was to join him two days later for a long-planned weekend at Chequers. Heath clearly is not about to call for a referendum—especially since a Harris Poll last week rated British public support for entry at 36%, down from 42% last January. Despite the uncertainty of popular feelings, the Prime Minister intends to keep the entry issue confined to Parliament, where he has a fluctuating but seemingly safe pro-Market majority.

Why had Pompidou opted for a referendum? The Market treaties would have sailed through the French Assembly easily enough, but Pompidou evidently wanted to use the referendum—as Charles de Gaulle often did—as a

device for molding and increasing his own political mandate. The Communists, who normally carry 20% of the national vote, will almost certainly say no to the treaties. But other segments of the anti-Gaullist opposition will be in a bind. Because they are already on record as favoring Common Market expansion, centrists and socialists may have to swallow their anti-Pompidou animus and vote yes.

As a result, Pompidou is almost assured of a victory that he can flaunt as a strong vote of personal confidence. That will be a valuable asset if, as many observers expect, Pompidou hopes to carve out for himself a role as *primus inter pares* next October when the ten leaders of the "new Europe" hold their first summit meeting in Paris.

BRITAIN

The Henpecked Spy

How do you break into the spy business? Simple. Your wife goes round to a Soviet embassy, knocks on the door and tells the Russians that you want to join up because you need some quick cash to pay off store bills, mortgage and other debts. Preposterous? Not at all. That is precisely what happened to Royal Navy Sub-Lieut. David James Bingham, 31. Last week he was sentenced in a British court to 21 years in prison for selling to the Soviets for \$5,520 defense secrets which, according to the British Attorney General, were "valuable almost beyond price."

As the sentence was pronounced, Bingham's wife Maureen collapsed sobbing on the courtroom floor. Later British television viewers saw her talking at length with reporters in the Bingham's \$30,000 home, surrounded by the sort of luxuries that had put the family

\$5,000 in debt—elegant red leather furniture, stereo phonograph, color television set. She claimed that she was the guilty party. "I nagged him into becoming a spy," said Maureen, who found it extremely expensive to try keeping up with the navy's social whirl. At the same time, however, she boasted that her husband had taken the Russians for more money than he had admitted in court—about \$12,000 in all. "The Russians gave us money like water," she said.

Suggestion. While hospitalized with a painful spinal problem in 1969, Bingham had complained to his wife about their problem of trying to make ends meet on his modest annual salary of about \$5,000. She suggested that they "go to the Russians." Whereupon he wrote out a note stating his name, rank and naval assignment as an antisubmarine warfare and torpedo specialist at the British naval base in Portsmouth, and Maureen delivered it to the Russian embassy in London. After he left the hospital, the Soviets invited him to London for a meeting. Over vodka, they gave him \$1,200 as an initial payment, as well as instructions to photograph "anything of interest." Using his security clearance to gain access to secret documents, Bingham took photographs of among other things, sonar detection systems and wartime contingency plans of the British fleet. "The damage you have done is incalculable," declared the sentencing judge.

Bingham delivered exposed films to the Soviets by leaving them at one of seven "dead drops" in or near the town of Guildford, including a tree, a hollow under a bridge, and a car door in a rural trash heap. In turn, the Soviets left a "parcel"—a hollow sphere made of putty and shaped like a stone, containing a fresh supply of film, instructions and sometimes money.

Despite their new source of income,

LIEUT. BINGHAM



WIFE MAUREEN AT DEAD DROP IN RURAL TRASH HEAP



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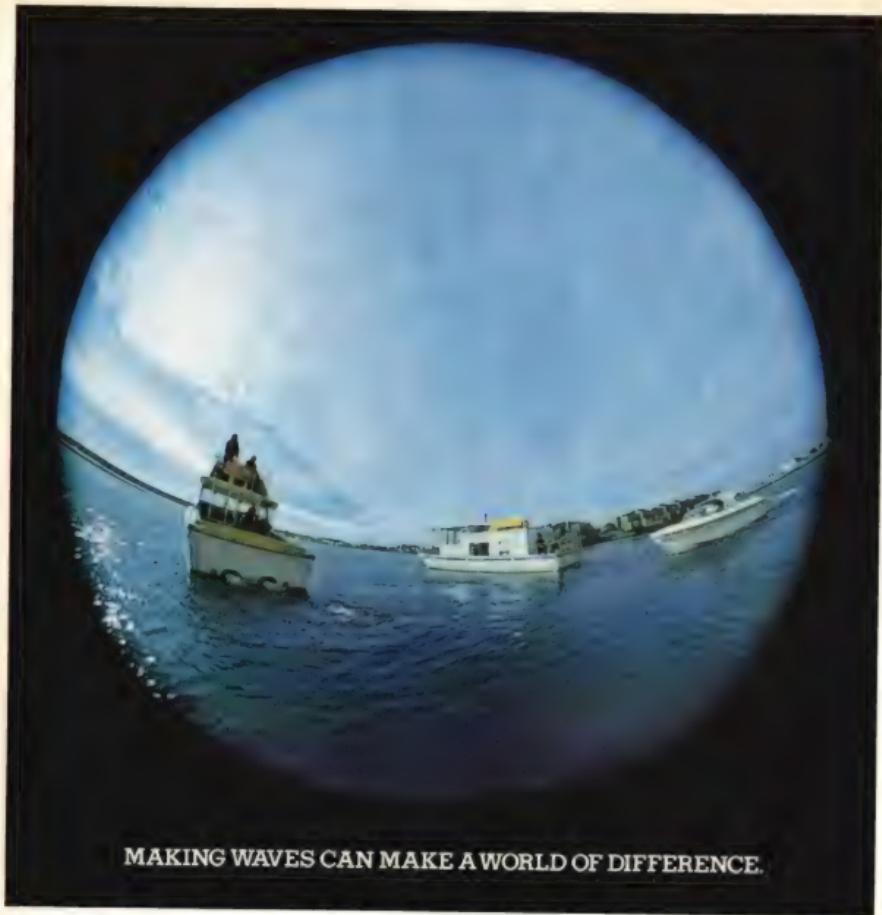
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THE WORLD

the Binghamhs were unable to get out of debt. A finance company threatened to report them to the police for selling a car before they had completed payment on it. Bingham was becoming desperate, and was eventually even driven to pawning the camera the Soviets had given him. He also felt increasingly guilty about selling secrets to the Russians. One day last August, he sought out a senior officer aboard his ship in Portsmouth. "I am and have been for a number of years a Soviet agent," he declared. (Actually, according to the Attorney General, Bingham had been spying for only about 18 months.) His confession came only a few weeks before the British government expelled 105 Soviet diplomats and other officials on charges of engaging in espionage. Bingham's contact, the assistant naval attaché at the Soviet embassy who was quickly sent home on leave, was refused re-entry into Britain.

After the trial, Maureen was by turns contrite, defiant and apologetic, with an unending supply of startling statements about the affair for newsmen. "My husband was an idiot to give himself up," she told the *Daily Mail*. She also declared that "I was the one who passed on information through the dead drops. I shall never know why I was not charged." Britain's Director of Public Prosecutions also was puzzled, and ordered an investigation. At week's end Maureen Bingham was charged under the Official Secrets Act and released on \$1,200 bail.

NORTHERN IRELAND

"Total War"

In a laudable but politically ineffective display of unity, Protestants and Roman Catholics, Tories, Laborites and Liberals gathered last week at London's Westminster Cathedral to pray at an "ecumenical service for intercession for Northern Ireland." More than 1,500 worshipers attended the ceremony at which the Archbishop of Canterbury, who presided with John Cardinal Heenan, praised Ireland's patron, Saint Patrick, as a man of forgiveness.

There was, unfortunately, little forgiveness in Ulster itself, which erupted in another week of bombings and blasters after the end of a surprisingly successful 72-hour cease-fire declared by the Provisional wing of the Irish Republican Army. The Provos had listed their conditions for securing a permanent cease-fire: they included the setting of a date for British troop withdrawal from the province, abolition of Ulster's parliament, and amnesty for political prisoners. But the initiative stirred little response from either the Stormont or Westminster government, leading one I.R.A. leader to declare: "It's now total war." The day after the truce ended, a 200-lb. gelignite bomb shattered windows and tore the roofs

off several buildings in downtown Belfast. Another I.R.A. explosive, left in a parked car, killed two British Army specialists who were trying to dismantle it.

Upon returning to Westminster from a visit to Dublin, British Labor Leader Harold Wilson warned Prime Minister Edward Heath that any further hold-up in announcing his long-delayed settlement proposals for Northern Ireland would probably lead to open civil war. In fact, Heath has not been able to decide on any plans because his Cabinet has been divided. A few weeks ago, his Tory government was apparently ready to offer a series of reforms that would have given Ulster's Catholic minority a bill of rights and a share in the Protestant-dominated Stormont government. Then a step-up of I.R.A. bombings strengthened the hand of right-wing Tories who oppose any reforms that might be construed as concessions to violence.

As if the I.R.A. were not trouble enough, Northern Ireland is faced with yet another threat to what remains of peace: the prospect of a militant Protestant backlash. One Catholic youth was killed in his Belfast home last week by two men who police think might have been Protestant extremists. Publications put out by such militant organizations as the Loyalist Association of Workers have grown tougher in their statements regarding the need to "destroy for all time this evil in our midst." At week's end, more than 50,000 Protestants staged a mass rally to display their solidarity against a "sellout" by the Heath government. Even though demonstrations are illegal in Northern Ireland these days, Catholics responded with a march of their own through the Andersonstown section of Belfast.

INDIA

Indira's Coronation

At the end of last December's war with Pakistan, which left India the dominant power on the subcontinent, a senior British diplomat wryly commented that the victory had made Indira Gandhi "Empress of India." After last week's state elections, in which Mrs. Gandhi's New Congress Party scored the most overwhelming electoral victory in the history of independent India, an American official added: "And this was her coronation."

The election was indeed a personal triumph for India's Prime Minister. A year ago, she led her splintered party to victory in parliamentary elections under the campaign slogan "*Garihi hatao*" (Erase poverty), but failed to gain con-



BERNADETTE DEVLIN ADDRESSING ULSTER CATHOLICS*
No forgiveness in the land of St. Patrick.

trol of several key state governments. Having taken 70% of the states' assembly seats last week, the New Congress Party will now govern 17 of India's 21 states.

Eloquent Proof. The decisive military victory over Pakistan has added immeasurably to Mrs. Gandhi's popular support among India's voters. West Bengalis, particularly grateful that she had championed the Bengali cause—the independence of Bangladesh—lit developmental lamps in front of portraits of the Prime Minister, whom they call *Mataji* (Mother), and gave her a party a two-thirds majority in their 280-seat state-house.

The election victory was also the result of Mrs. Gandhi's hard work—and her firm control of the party machinery. She screened lists of party candidates and removed the names of those whose loyalty she was unsure of, through access to confidential dossiers of the Central Bureau of Investigation she was able to keep tabs on leading politicians. During the campaign she flew an estimated 55,000 miles across India, focusing her attacks on the conservative Opposition Congress and Hindu right-wing Jana Sangh parties.

Mrs. Gandhi now has an unchallengeable mandate to promote her populist policies, including more aid to farmers and more effective distribution of land. It has also placed her in a stronger position—despite political backing from the Soviet Union in the Indo-Pakistani war—to pursue foreign policies of her own choosing. Last week, before leaving for a visit to India's ally the Soviet Union, Pakistan's President Zulfikar Ali Bhutto indicated that he is willing to drop his country's longstanding claim to Kashmir. It was a particularly eloquent bit of proof that Jawaharlal Nehru's imperious daughter has led her country into a new era.

* The civil rights firebrand was speaking outside the British Army's Magilligan Internment Camp for I.R.A. suspects. The mock Trojan horse at left is a symbol of Catholic resistance.

PAPUA NEW GUINEA

Toward Independence

"If you do not vote for me, God will be angry and you will go to hell." That was the imperative campaign slogan adopted by two candidates, who also happened to be pastors. A leader of the popular "cargo cult," which preaches that some day a fleet of airplanes will bring the white man's goods to deserving natives, also invoked the Almighty. He assured voters that he had been nominated by God to be the first President of Papua New Guinea. A Bougainville Island sorcerer held a conjuring ceremony to make the election go away, so that the spirits of islanders' ancestors could then run the country properly. In relatively sophisticated Rabaul, Epineri Titimur campaigned as

the majority of Papua New Guineans wanted it, giving them the chance to participate in general elections, which wound up this month.

The natives trekked as much as two days to the polling stations. In the Highlands, many had greased themselves with pig fat as protection against the cold, and for the occasion wore bird-of-paradise plumes, as well as their usual garb of bark or grass. Among the voters were two tribes discovered only in the past six months (another clan of 83 natives, who saw their first white man just two weeks ago, made it clear they wanted no outside interference). The chief of still another tribe, somewhat bemused by the issues, said that he would take two self-governments, provided they were not too large, since his village had little space to spare.

More than half of the 611 candi-

ment, Papua New Guinea will have "a mendicant economy for a long time," according to Acting Administrator Tony Newman. Per capita income is \$230 a year, and world prices are low for the islanders' main exports of copra, cocoa, rubber, palm oil, tea and coffee. But the territory is also rich in timber, and geologists estimate that it could lie atop one of the world's richest mineral belts. Next month a \$400 million copper mine, with a capacity of 30 million tons of ore a year, will go into operation on the island of Bougainville.

What will happen after independence? A few pessimists freely predict a bloodbath like the one that engulfed the Congo in 1960-61. They cite as portents the growing problem of urban drift, squatter slums and the occasional stoning of whites (which police attribute more to antagonism between the have-nots and the haves than to racism). Poet John Kassipalova, leader of a tiny black-power movement at the Papua New Guinea University, has written that "in violence there is release. Firm beautiful black hands stoning police thugs." A more realistic fear is that of fragmentation along regional and tribal lines. Primitive Highlanders fear domination by the more developed coastal towns. Papuans charge that Australian aid—\$760 million in the past decade—has gone mostly to New Guinea. Proud Bougainvilleans see no need to share their copper wealth with the rest of their countrymen.

Spoiling the Magic. Even with the best of beginnings, Papua New Guinea will remain in many ways the world's most backward country, beset by Stone Age cults and customs. Any native businessman who does well, for instance, soon finds his *wantoks* (people of the same language group) moving into his home. Custom demands that he share with them until he goes broke, which hardly helps formation of capital. Then there are the cargo cultists, who claim 60,000 members. Just two weeks ago thousands of natives bought red cardboard suitcases, packed them with stones and buried them in the belief that the stones would then turn to money. Administrators knew of the swindle which was hugely profitable to the suitcase sellers, but were powerless to stop it, since they would then be accused of spoiling the magic.

Still another deep-seated custom is that of "payback"—the requirement that any wrong done a tribal member must be paid back in kind. Most of the 60 to 70 murders committed in the territory every year are payback killings. Thus Peter Howard, a white planter who recently killed a Jigas tribesman in a car accident, escaped death only by paying the tribe \$1,200 in silver ten-cent pieces and three bulls. Had he elected to leave the country instead, another white man, chosen at random by the Jigas, would have been summarily speared in his place without being given a chance to buy off the tribe.



NATIVE VOTERS CARRYING BALLOT BOXES IN PAPUA NEW GUINEA ELECTION
A weird fusion of modern democracy and Stone Age dogmatism.

Frank Epineri Titimur on the grounds that all politicians should be Frank.

In a weird fusion of modern democracy and Stone Age dogmatism, the 2,446,000 residents of Papua New Guinea were choosing a House of Assembly that will acquire powers of self-government—and possibly full independence from Australia—over the next four years. A reluctant colonial power, Australia inherited Papua from Britain in 1906, and took New Guinea from Germany in World War I, administering it in recent years as a United Nations trustee. The two territories, which together constitute the eastern half of New Guinea island (the rest is the Indonesian province of West Irian), were given a joint name and administration in 1949. Under U.N. pressure to loosen its paternalistic hold, Canberra has granted progressively greater powers to a local assembly and promised self-government whenever

dates were under 35: at least 160 had no formal schooling. Early returns counted last week showed that Papua New Guineans had decided to take on self-government—or so it seemed. The conservative, white-dominated United Party, which had sent sound trucks through the main towns with the message in pidgin "My fella vote United Pati, yu fella vote United Pati," lost some seats it had held in the last Assembly, and emerged without a majority. The Pangu Pati (acrophonetic pidgin for Papua New Guinea Party), which draws its strength from the radical young black elite of the coastal estates and favors immediate self-government, gained ground, leading to predictions that the territories will be self-governing within two years. But fully 30 of the Assembly's 100 seats went to uncommitted candidates who will now hold the balance of political power.

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ITALY

Disconcerting Failure

"The more disconcerting I am, the better I like it," Italian Publisher Giangiacomo Feltrinelli once told a friend—and he disconcerted almost everyone. Born into one of Milan's wealthiest families, he was an avowed Socialist at the age of 20 and two years later became a Communist. But Feltrinelli scored his only real success as a capitalist publisher. In 1957 he smuggled the manuscript of *Doctor Zhivago* out of Russia, and published it in defiance of intense Soviet and local party pressures. After the *Zhivago* furor, Feltrinelli drifted further leftward, becoming a financial angel of Italy's militant Maoists and publishing a revolutionary magazine called *Tricontinental*. When Italian police three years ago sought him for questioning about his open advocacy of violence, Feltrinelli went into



PUBLISHER GIANGIACOMO FELTRINELLI
A 45-year-old Boy Scout.

exile in Austria—though he managed to slip in and out of Italy from time to time.

Last week Feltrinelli's mutilated body was found at the foot of a power pylon five miles east of Milan. Police theorized that he had been killed by the accidental explosion of eight sticks of dynamite he had apparently been carrying. Feltrinelli, the police suggested, had been attempting to blow up the pylon and destroy part of Milan's electric-power system. Italy's far-leftists immediately charged that Feltrinelli had been murdered by political opponents on the right—a possibility that the police were also investigating.

Unkindly but perhaps accurately, one of Feltrinelli's ex-wives suggested that he was "a 45-year-old Boy Scout" who yearned for a revolutionary glory

that was never to be his. The emotional high point of his career as a leftist came in 1967, when he was thrown into a Bolivian jail while attending the trial of Marxist Theorist Régis Debray. Feltrinelli later wrote an article about "my prison"; in fact, he had spent only eight hours in jail.

As it turned out, Feltrinelli's inept sabotage attempt probably did a disservice to his Maoist sympathizers. The scandal over his misbegotten effort will presumably lend new appeal to the law-and-order campaign of Italy's neofascist party in the current election campaign.

Sato of Japan: At the Pre-Kissinger Stage

Of the U.S.'s major allies, none has been more profoundly shaken by Washington's new policy toward China than Japan. Last week, in an interview with TIME, Japanese Premier Eisaku Sato, who may be forced to step down early this summer, said that his government is responding to the Chinese-American rapprochement by attempting to achieve a new relationship of its own with China. "What really concerns me is that we have no means of making contact with Peking," he told Correspondents Jerryold Schechter, Herman Nickel and S. Chang. Sato eagerly questioned Schechter, who had just visited China, about his impressions, then spoke of the foreign policy dilemma facing his country.

ON CHINA: "Japan has had what we call a United Nations-centered foreign policy. Now that China is a member nation, we feel it is a matter of course to enter into negotiations with Peking. We're looking for the best way to do it, but we're still in the pre-Kissinger stage." Sato hinted that once again the Nixon Administration had failed to advise him of a diplomatic initiative—this time it was the plan to hold Chinese-American ambassadorial talks in Paris—and expressed his own preference for Hong Kong as a meeting place. Did he think that the subject of Japanese war reparations might be raised by the Chinese during such talks? "We know it might arise," he said. "On the other hand, there is a school of thought that says this subject should not be raised at all. Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, you will recall, did not insist on reparations when we negotiated our peace treaty, and that treaty is still in effect."

ON TAIWAN: "We know that Chiang Kai-shek and Mao Tse-tung both say there is only one China. We are not in the position to contest that; we must follow what they say." Reminded that he once expressed his debt to Chiang for approaching post-war Japan "with a spirit of regret and not of revenge," Sato replied, "My esteem for Chiang still has some influence on my personal feelings. But one must distinguish between personal feelings and official views. Whatever my personal feelings to-

ward Chiang, it does not mean I support independence for Taiwan. But I don't think this is what Chiang has in mind either."

ON THE U.S.: "We attach the utmost importance to our relationship with the U.S. Certainly there were some shocks last year. Concerning the President's visit to Peking, we had a talk about that at San Clemente, so I was not surprised by the outcome. We also dwelt on economic problems, some of which still remain, even though President Nixon ordered a wage-price freeze and made an agreement on a currency realignment. I hope very much that the U.S.'s economic well-being will be restored soon, because we are so dependent on the U.S. for our own well-being."

ON THE SOVIET UNION: Yes he would like to visit Moscow, said Sato, "if I am still fit in body and mind, and if I am still in office." But he expressed doubts about the prospects for the Asian collective-security system that Soviet Party Chief Leonid Brezhnev has proposed: "I am afraid it would not be very effective as long as there is such a state of enmity and tension between the U.S.S.R. and China." He stressed that it would be a "great blunder" for Japan to use Sino-Soviet enmity as a "trick to improve our relations with China."

ON A REBIRTH OF MILITARISM: "We don't even have conscription. There are still people in Japan who say we shouldn't have any self-defense forces at all. It is odd that a country like this should be accused of militarism by countries that are nuclear powers. The American nuclear umbrella is a guarantee that Japan will not become a nuclear power."

ON HIS YEARS AS PREMIER: "What worries me is that some people seem to think of my eight years as Premier as eight years of dictatorship. But I think we have done well in following a policy of peace. All this, however—our economic growth, the return of Okinawa and the Bonin Islands—we owe to our good relations with the U.S. With the Soviets, we have to have arguments even over such things as salmon fishing. My greatest regret is that our opposition has never understood this."



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PEOPLE

At the invitation of **Tricia Nixon Cox**, four-year-old **Patrick Lyndon Nugent** turned up at the White House to reclaim his occasional place behind the desk in the presidential office. He brought along his mother **Luci Johnson Nugent**, swiveled happily in the big presidential chair and gleefully pounded the desk with a gavel. At his press conference, young Lyndon fielded questions with all the aplomb of his grandfather. Did he know who used to work here? "Boppa." Who likes elephants? "President Nixon." If he has absorbed from his family any other insights into Boppa's successor, he showed the political savvy to keep them to himself.

When it comes to reducing, some people don't fool around. At 333 lbs., Jazz Trumpeter **Al Hirt**, 49, decided to cut out fat. He had some 26 lbs. of it removed by abdominal surgery at the University College of Medicine in Virginia. "I had reached the point where this operation was preventive medicine for me," says Hirt. "I believe it will help me live longer. I hope I'll get to see my grandchildren now."

Talk about nostalgia! The movie was all about the bad old days when Malia "families" were submachine gunning each other in classic Cadillacs, and its première harked back to the good old days when searchlights stabbed the Hollywood sky to honor the world's Glamour People. Except that this première was on Broadway. **Roquel Welch** was there, and **Ali MacGraw** and **Bob Evans**, **Elliott Gould**, **Polly Bergen**, **Jack Nicholson**, **Paula Prentiss**, **Rona Barrett**, **Andy Williams**. There were plenty of Kennedys—**Eunice** and **Sargent Shriver**, **Jean** and **Stephen Smith**, **Pat Lawford**—plus a sizable slither of socialites. But the superstar of *The Godfather*'s opening was **Henry Kissinger**. So many people wanted to see him talking to the White House adviser that the curtain was delayed about 15 minutes. Kissinger was also the power and glory of the

party afterward at the St. Regis Hotel, where the waiters passed the pasta, dressed in gangland pinstripes with black shirts and white ties. "I thought I was going to get away from all this by coming to New York," said Henry the K. happily.

"I don't feel any different than I did at 20," mused 30-year-old **Muhammad Ali**, "only I have more sense. If I hadn't talked as much as I did, I would be a billionaire today. A lot of things you say can be true, but they can be said at the wrong time. Now I know when to say certain things." Thereupon the former champion proceeded to say certain things about his financial expectations for a rematch with his successor, **Joe Frazier**: "Frazier and I must be paid. The slave days are over. We want \$6,000-800 each. But I guess we might come down a million."

Dewi Sukarno was dewy-eyed with chagrin at being "compelled to do a thing which is not at all elegant." That inelegant thing, said the Indonesian dictator's pretty widow, is to sue one top Tokyo newspaper, one news agency and two leading Japanese weeklies for "having created a false and damaging image about myself." For years on end, complained Dewi, "these publications have been brainwashing the Japanese people with all manner of imagined poison about me." The latest toxin, a suggestion that her fiancé, a Spanish banker, was connected with the Malia. "This really is too much," she blazed. "At last I have decided to do something about the bad habit." Dewi didn't know how much damages to ask for the correction of such habits, she told newsmen on her arrival in Tokyo, but "my expenses are not low, you know."

THE PLOT. A 13-year-old boy named Christian disappears, and his father, who is divorced from his mother, hires a private eye to find him. The detective (who, incidentally, is handicapped by



CHRISTIAN & MARLON BRANDO
Rescued from Baja.

having artificial hands) gets a helicopter and cruises along the Gulf of California, looking for a blue Volkswagen truck in which Christian is supposed to be riding. Eventually the detective spots the truck parked at a tent camp in a remote area of Baja California. He lands at a nearby town, organizes a detachment of Mexican police and raids the camp. Christian, who is hiding behind a pile of clothes, tries to make run for it. In a sleeping bag is a naked 21-year-old girl, who refuses to give her name. Also present are six hippies men and a woman, who say that Christian's mother offered them each \$10,000 "to heist the boy" for a while (there are enough provisions in camp for several months). After a courtroom scene, in which the father appeals to have Christian put in his custody (he has been sharing the boy with the mother), the judge postpones the hearing for a month and for that period gives the father permission to take his son to Paris, where he is working. Fadeout with the mother denying she had anything to do with the adventure. **THE CAST:** Father—**Marlon Brando**. Mother—**Anna Kashfi**. Private Eye—**Jay Ames**. Christian—**Christian Devi Brando**.

Is his role as the Governor of California dramatic enough, or does Former Actor **Ronald Reagan** hanker to make yet another movie? "Oh, the thought has entered the mind, but I know I can't do it," says the 61-year-old veteran of 50-odd films. But he adds: "I would have done anything in the world to play the title role in *Patton*, for which **George C. Scott** won a 1970 Academy Award. Another legendary general also appeals to the Governor Douglas MacArthur. "When I think of the story that could be done on the same basis—coming to a close with that old soldiers never die speech—Old actors never die either."



STAR ALI MACGRAW ENCOUNTERING SUPERSTAR HENRY KISSINGER
Getting away from the publicity perils of Washington.

Batavia's Big Beam

For days, excitement had been building at the AEC's huge National Accelerator Laboratory at Batavia, Ill. Crowds of curious spectators hovered anxiously around the main control room, watching the meters and oscilloscope screens. On the screens, a narrow band of light—representing the electrical energy in a beam of speeding subatomic particles inside the atom smasher's doughnut-shaped tunnel—edged toward a telltale marking. The room became strangely silent. Then someone exclaimed, "There it is!" and wild cheering broke out.

The assembled scientists and technicians had every reason for jubilation. After many plaguing problems, the world's largest atom smasher had reached its programmed energy level of 200 billion electron volts (GeV).* That was not only the most powerful beam ever achieved by an accelerator, but also far surpassed the former record achieved by the Russians in their 76 GeV machine outside Moscow. Just back from congressional appropriations hearings in Washington, NAL's beleaguered director, Physicist Robert R. Wilson, happily passed out champagne in goblets saved for the occasion and emblazoned with "200 GeV."

Fouled Tube. For a while, it looked as if Wilson might have to wait a long time to use those special glasses. In what turned out to be an expensive economy measure, Batavia's builders had decided not to air-condition the main tunnel of

* *G* stands for *giga*, from the Greek for giant, and is used internationally to designate a billion.

the \$250 million machine. As a result, warm, humid air seeped into the tunnel last summer, and water condensed inside the coils of the 1,000 giant magnets that bend and focus the atom smasher's proton "bullets" as they race around this circular race track at speeds close to that of light. Shorted out by the moisture, some 300 magnets weighing up to twelve tons had to be repaired, resealed or replaced.

Another major headache for Wilson was caused by debris left in the 2-in.-by-5-in. vacuum tube through which the protons travel inside the tunnel; the tube must be free of dust and debris so that the speeding protons do not prematurely lose their energy in accidental collisions. Trouble was, workers who removed the magnets left behind metal chips and other stray objects that fouled the tube. NAL scientists briefly considered recalling the tiny ferret that had helped cleanse the accelerator's subsidiary tube systems of debris (TIME, Oct. 4). But they eventually settled on a more mundane solution: a magnetic sweeper, forced through the tunnel by air pressure, picked up the stray bits of metal.

Despite those misfortunes, Wilson managed to generate a 200 GeV beam before July 1972, the originally scheduled target date. He also stayed within budget even with the expensive magnet repairs (estimated cost: \$1,000,000). Was the monumental effort really worth it? Addressing himself to that question at the congressional hearing, Wilson had no doubts. "We can say," he testified, "that we are about to complete a new scientific instrument that will allow us to see much deeper into the atom, that we know there is much yet to be seen and that the new knowledge will help us better to understand the universe—and hence ourselves."

When Gum Glowed

The journal *Archaeology* usually concerns itself with down-to-earth matters, but a recent issue contains an appeal that reaches rather far out. In a letter to the magazine, Astronomers John C. Brandt, Stephen P. Maran and Theodore Stecher ask archaeologists for help in determining the age of a giant celestial gas cloud. Known as the Gum Nebula, the cloud has been attracting more than usual attention among astronomers. At its center, some 1,500 light-years away from earth, they have discovered a pulsar—a neutron star that emits regularly spaced radio signals. What possible information could archaeologists offer? Quite a bit, the astronomers explain. Both the Gum Nebula and pulsar are remnants of a relatively rare heavenly event: a supernova, the cataclysmic explosion of a massive dying star. The astronomers point out that another



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THE GUM NEBULA



ARIZONA MARKINGS (A.D. 1054)
Dating a celestial spectacular.

supernova, the one that created the familiar Crab Nebula and its pulsar, was witnessed by the Chinese in A.D. 1054 and was well documented in their records. The same event was seen in North America and recorded at the same time in cave and cliff drawings found in northern Arizona.

The Gum Nebula supernova occurred much earlier—about 9300 B.C., according to estimates based on the current signal rate of Gum's pulsar. The sudden and brief appearance at that time of what seemed to be a new and brightly glowing star—probably as luminous as a quarter moon and visible even during full daylight—may have sufficiently moved a primitive sky-gazer to scrawl or carve his impressions on a cave wall. And if an archaeologist should ever find such a drawing, its age could be determined by using radioactive “clocks” and other dating methods on other objects at the site. Once that was done, scientists would know more precisely the time of Gum's celestial spectacular.

Clocking Einstein

None of Einstein's ideas have so fascinated the public and provoked such controversy among physicists as the so-called “clock paradox.” One of the major predictions of the great physicist's Special Theory of Relativity, the paradox is based on the assumption that time passes more slowly for an object in motion than one at rest. Thus, if Einstein was correct, an astronaut traveling at extremely high speeds—say to a distant star and back—would age less during his trip than a twin

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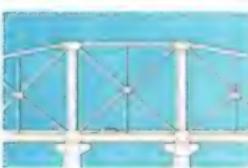
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SCIENCE

brother who had remained on earth. Depending on the length of his mission, the astronaut could, upon his return, actually be years younger than his twin.

Aging Slowly. Man has not yet advanced far enough technologically to stage such a test of relativity. But Physicist Joseph C. Hafele of Washington University in St. Louis and Astronomer Richard Keating of the U.S. Naval Observatory have apparently verified the clock paradox in a less dramatic fashion. Last October, carrying four extremely precise atomic clocks, they set off on two successive round-the-world plane trips to check the validity of Einstein's prediction (TIME, Oct. 18).

Their scheme was elegantly simple. On the eastbound flight, their plane was traveling in the direction of the earth's rotation. Thus to an observer in outer space the airborne clocks would appear to be moving faster (their air speed added to the rotational velocity of the earth's surface) than a reference clock back in Washington; hence, the flying clocks would lose a little time—or, like the astronaut, "age" a little more slowly. On the westbound trip, when they were flying against the earth's rotation, the airborne clocks would seem to the same observer to be traveling more slowly than the Washington clock. (Their air speed would be subtracted from the rotational velocity of the earth.) Thus the Washington clock would appear to slow down, and the airborne clocks would gain time in relation to it. To be sure, the differences in time, which become significant only at speeds approaching the velocity of light (186,000 miles a second), would be extremely small at slow jet speeds—only billionths of a second. But Hafele and Keating figured that their Hewlett-Packard atomic clocks would be up to so delicate a test. The intricate time-keepers are governed by the natural frequency of the cesium atom, which, when electrically excited, vibrates precisely 9,192,631,770 times a second.

Final Calculations. Hafele and Keating constantly had to monitor such subtle environmental effects on their clocks as temperature, cabin pressure and magnetic fields. Later, on their return to Washington, they had to feed into their final calculations the effect of the varying speeds, altitudes and flight paths of their planes. Yet all the time-consuming work paid off handsomely. According to theory, the four clocks should have lost 40 billionths of a second on the eastbound trip and gained 275 billionths of a second on the westbound. In fact, the actual results were only 5% off on the eastbound and no more than 30% on the westbound flight. Although the results may not be accurate enough to convince all skeptics, Hafele is satisfied. "The experiment," he says, "was successful beyond our best expectations."

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TVS-1

ENVIRONMENT

Free Abortions for All?

President Nixon called it "one of the most serious challenges to human destiny in the last third of this century," and two years ago he asked Congress to establish a special commission to chart a response to the challenge. Last week the Commission on Population Growth and the American Future gave its answer: growth must slow down. "We will not like some of the solutions we will have to adopt," it said, "but unless we can resolve the question of population growth, it not only will aggravate our current problems but may eventually dwarf them."

The commission, which was headed by John D. Rockefeller III and included Congressmen, business and labor leaders and educators, was not so alarmist as some environmentalists. Rockefeller said that U.S. population growth "should be regarded neither as a crisis nor with complacency." Nonetheless, the commission warned that despite recent declines in the birth rate, "the baby boom is not over." An average of three children per family would mean a population of nearly a billion Americans in a hundred years.

The commission's proposals dealt with a wide range of social problems, but its most striking recommendations concerned birth control:

► A law should be enacted to help schools set up population, sex and birth-control education programs.

► State laws that restrict access to contraceptive information and supplies should be eliminated, and such materials should be available to minors.

► Present laws restricting abortion should be liberalized along the lines of the New York State statute, which permits abortions on request.

► Public and private health systems should pay the costs of all health services related to maternity, including abortion and voluntary sterilization.

The commission said it did not consider abortion as "a primary means" of limiting growth, but it argued that all women have a moral right to the "freedom to control their own fertility." President Nixon, however, has already declared emphatically that he considers abortion "an unacceptable form of population control."

Grim Days for El Paso

Ever since the 1880s, the clean desert air over El Paso has been smudged black from smokestacks belonging to the American Smelting & Refining Company. El Pasoans sneezed and coughed, but the bebeflings seemed a necessary nuisance to most people—and particularly to the plant's 750 workers, largely Mexicans, who earned their livelihood by smelting copper and lead.

Now they are beginning to wonder. Early this month five youngsters who live near the plant had to be hospitalized for severe lead poisoning. They were two to five years old. "Blood samples showed basophilic stippling [small purple dots], and some of the children showed lead lines in the gums of their teeth," says Dr. Bernard Rosenblum, head of the city health unit.

Another 54 children also showed high lead content in their blood. "We found some kids with foot drop, a symptom of lead poisoning," adds Rosenblum. "This occurs when nerves become paralyzed, and the person cannot hold his foot up from the ankle. Mothers also told us of children who were irritable and had loss of weight. These can be signs of lead poisoning."

Last week state and city officials took American Smelting to court, charging that from 1969 to 1971 the plant emitted enormous amounts of lead, cadmium, arsenic and zinc into the air. The suit asks a fine of \$1,000,000.

Even worse findings may lie ahead. Dr. Bertram Carnow of the University of Illinois testified at the trial: "The amount of lead I have seen in El Paso is the highest in both the air and the soil that I have ever seen or heard of." Worried city officials plan a massive examination. "We will be taking blood samples from between 30,000 and 60,000 kids," says Rosenblum. El Paso Mayor Bert Williams, who has campaigned against American Smelting and has consequently been booted by workers fearful of the plant's shutting down, is going to Washington to seek federal help. Last week he was visited by the mayor of Juárez, just across the Rio Grande from El Paso. "He is concerned about the children on the Mexican side of the river," said Williams. "The Mexican government plans to start blood tests over there too."

► So is mental retardation. A Houston woman recently won \$175,000 in damages from Lead Products Co. on grounds that lead poisoning had caused brain damage in her six children.

BALD EAGLE



Three for the Animals

► A Texas surveyor looking for a boundary marker tugged at a mysterious pipe protruding from the ground. The pipe, a "coyote getter," designed to shoot cyanide into any animal that disturbs its wick, fired a cartridge into the surveyor's hand. An hour later he was dead. Such incidents have become increasingly common as sheep growers and federal agents have used more and more poisons to kill predators. In some areas, foxes, weasels, eagles and a number of other species have virtually disappeared. Now, the Environmental Protection Agency has banned 19 products containing cyanide, thallium sulfate, strichnine and sodium monofluoracetate. These poisons, said Administrator William D. Ruckelshaus, "represent a hazard to the public welfare through the indiscriminate destruction of our valuable wildlife resources."

► Brazil's jaguars, tapirs and howler monkeys won a new lease on life last week when the government banned professional hunting. The law means that a dozen major skin exporters will have to close down. The authorities also issued a tough set of new regulations concerning amateur hunting, including a list of permissible game. Notably absent: all of the big cats, monkeys, toucans, manatees and all endangered species.

► The gray whale, once considered virtually extinct, is alive and multiplying in the lagoons along the coast of Baja California. That news was reported last week by Carl Hubbs, of the Scripps Institution of Oceanography. Hubbs credited the whale's comeback to Mexico's ban on hunting and its designation of a large lagoon as a whale sanctuary. According to Hubbs, four other supposedly doomed species are also winning the fight against extinction. The northern elephant seal and the Guadalupe fur seal are both doing well on the tiny remote island of Guadalupe of Baja. The sea otter now numbers "several thousand" in the Pacific coastal area. The Juan Fernandez fur seal is up to a population of 500 on the islands off Chile—mainly, says Hubbs, because nobody knows it is there.

COYOTE



Images of Paradise

One of the lessons of history is that art is a better preservative than Formalin, and sweeter smelling, too. Even if the patron is an outright criminal while alive, he seems, after he dies, to take on the noble and decorative character of the works of art that he bought.

One of the most notable examples was a prodigiously wealthy, vain and talented son of a French king, Jean, the Duke of Berry. Jean de Berry was born in 1340, and his patronage of artists changed the whole pattern of late medieval painting. "No patron of his time, and few before or after him, had a comparable effect on the arts," wrote Art Historian Millard Meiss. "Between 1380 and 1400 every great cycle of miniatures in France was commissioned by the Duke of Berry." A superb exhibition of 14th and 15th century French miniature painting, organized by Professor Meiss, is now on view at Manhattan's Pierpont Morgan Library. Inevitably, its central character is the bottle-nosed prince who made it possible.

Even by aristocratic standards, Jean de Berry's appetite for possessions was extreme. He liked animals; so his menagerie included 50 swans, a wolf, a camel, an ostrich, 1,500 mastiffs, and a number of tame bears which, lurching along in specially designed carts, followed the duke on his frequent moves between châteaux. As with beasts, so with priests: "He maintained in his home," wrote one chronicler, "many chaplains who day and night sang the praises of God and celebrated Mass, and he took care to compliment them whenever the service lasted longer or was more elaborate than usual."

Holy Grail. This conspicuously pious also inspired a large collection of reliques, including the mummified corpse of one of the Holy Innocents slain by King Herod, fragments of nails used in the Crucifixion, and the chalice from which Christ supposedly drank at the Last Supper.

The Duke of Berry's belief in a connection between riches and virtue was quite like J. Pierpont Morgan's. He collected nearly every imaginable kind of art object, from panel paintings to antique cameos, from medallions to tapestries, and even a unicorn's horn given to him by the Pope. The result was a triumph of maniac connoisseurship—the greatest private collection in Europe.

One part of it was a library of rath-er more than 300 manuscripts, many illuminated by artists whom the duke retained at court. Today, book illustration is considered a minor art. In medieval France, these tiny images stippled on vellum were considered the most important form of painting.

The duke had an obsession with jewelry and opulent metalwork, and so one



DE HESDIN'S VIRGIN AND CHILD

might expect all his court art to follow a pattern like that of the Limbourg brothers, who made him what must be the most famous set of miniatures in history—the *Très Riches Heures du Duc de Berry*. A tiny portrait of the duke in the Limburgs' lesser-known *Belles Heures* epitomizes their manner: the stiff figure, kneeling devoutly before a sumptuous Gothic ground of red and gold brocade, the flat silhouettes, the sharp, unatmospheric color and light. The painting is conceived as a precious object, wrought with infinite care. So, too, with the work of the Rohan Master, or an anonymous miniaturist's image of Christ enthroned, surrounded by the four evangelists: one imagines the duke hypnotizing himself with the



JEAN, THE DUKE OF BERRY

convoluted tendrils of gold leaf that fill the page.

But the duke's taste, though unerring, was also eclectic. At the same time he commissioned the painting of Christ enthroned, around 1415, he also commissioned an *Apocalypse* from a painter whose style was the very reverse of decoration—plain, and freely, almost aggressively, brushed in. One page shows the woman with a seven-headed dragon from the Book of *Revelations*, "clothed with the sun, with the moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars." The design, compressed into a few square inches, has a marvelous sweep—the rockfolds echoing the curve of the dragon's tail and repeated in the pink folds of cloth on the woman's gravid belly.

The duke always tended to encourage the more progressive trends in painting. This, in practice, meant Italian influence. One of the Morgan Library's treasures, a small book of silverpoint sketches on boxwood, probably done by the duke's favorite miniaturist, Jacquemart de Hesdin, is permeated by the Italian *trecento*—the Madonna stately and subtle as a virgin by Simone Martini. But the greatest impact of Italy was on the artist who was also the greatest of the Berry circle: the Boucicaut Master. An illumination of the Garden of Eden, with Boccaccio sitting reading outside the wall, is full of Italianate elements, from the proportion and drawing of the naked Adam and Eve to the handling of perspective. Yet it is wholly original, and in this exquisite image of paradise, with its angels' wings and apples shining in the lucid air, the trajectory of French miniature painting reached its peak.

Riots. Extortion had paid for it all. "There may well have been contemporaries of Jean de Berry," wrote Millard Meiss, "who maintained that he cared more for animals and for art than for men." They may well have been right. Jean de Berry once gave a hound a life pension, but he taxed his subjects so fiercely that they rioted. Worse, from the aspect of practical politics, he chose the wrong faction in the struggles for the French throne, so his house in Paris was sacked by a furious mob in 1411, and one of his châteaux, studded with works of art, was burned.

When he died in 1416, aged 76, the duke's still vast residue of treasure was inventoried, scattered and sold: the carved carnelian spoons and the gold-mounted rock-crystal strawberry holders vanished along with the crowns and crosses. His châteaux, distributed across Burgundy, succumbed to time and wreckers. Only one part of Jean de Berry's stupendous hoard survived in quantity—the library and its miniatures, which nobody wanted: they could not be melted down. Four years later, in 1420, the English occupied Paris. The French court fled, the artists dispersed, and one of the supreme moments in Western art was gone. ■ Robert Hughes



A circular floral pattern is at the top of the page, with text in Gothic script below it. The text reads:

Et j'au et que pecter faymors. Oia
menter en lais d'auantz vostre
L'au et que pecter
le je pecte en di
le et que pecter
les po l'au mors ma
leure de nos p
de ceau le aucte
fin que du gant
nombr de ceau
qui par faymors one que pecter le :
pfecte au auantz enement le auantz
auantz enement enceas aies que de
pecter entre les malteure de deu

ture bellante se ambe devenant mor
t des aigles et la banoce quell festinio
que n'e se jellent manger leur bec
des tembadoz. — Il ne tra des
bellantes d'ess amboir aussi une malo
ne, et des tress ambois se lais
er, qui entres et enjoues lequel au me
tre premier au rang des malheureux.
Il vient que au banoce comme banoz et
que aussi comme nous tress qui son
tres les premiers banoce et banoze.
Il a ambrage lequel qui par le mon
ce et assentement de tress ambois premiers
et aussi empes les aigles et jumbeur





The Master of the Berry Apocalypse, ca. 1415



Workshop of Rohan Master, ca. 1420



Troyes Master, ca. 1400



Paul de Limbourg and brothers, ca. 1409

EDUCATION

At College in Red China

Chairman Mao has said that "education must serve proletarian politics and be combined with productive labor." The extent to which this is now being practiced in China would startle most Westerners. TIME's Jerryold Schecter, who was allowed to stay on in China after the departure of President Nixon, paid a visit to Fudan University in Shanghai and cabled this report:

The ferocity of the Cultural Revolution has disappeared from the tree-lined walkway leading to the red brick dormitories. Wall posters now extol the virtues of serving the people and studying the thoughts of Chairman Mao. "Heighten our vigilance and defend our motherland," says one. Only tattered remains of the big posters from the revolution hint at the turmoil that closed Fudan University for nearly three years. Reopened in November 1970, it has been transformed.

Novelties. Imagine a university director who is a political organizer from a textile mill; students who are mostly army privates or the children of factory workers; an American-trained academic with a world reputation in theoretical genetics turning all his energies to increasing the yield of wheat; physicists making transistors for portable radios.

All these things are actually happening at Fudan, Shanghai's biggest and most prestigious center of higher education, and now a monument to Maoism. Formerly the French missionary Aurora College, Fudan, with its student body reduced from 6,500 to 1,135, is still in the throes of change.

A 30-ft. pink statue of Chairman Mao stands at the university's entrance. Inside the building, the curriculum is being radically reshaped to reflect Mao's doctrine that colleges should combine "education, production and scientific research." In practice, this means that Fudan has completely dropped the traditional courses in literature and science and replaced them with such subjects as electronics and optics—and it conducts those classes in its own factories. Built and operated by the university, the factories produce equipment ranging from quartz-tungsten lamps to logic circuits for third-generation computers. The university also

plans a petrochemical plant. The purpose of these factories is to serve as a base for scientific experiments," explains Tang Chin-wen, 39, the textile-mill technician whose ardent agitprop work won him the leadership of the university. "It is to change the situation that prevailed before the Cultural Revolution, when practical knowledge was divorced from theoretical knowledge."

Combining theory and practice proved easier in the six science departments than in the seven arts departments, according to Tang. In the department of Chinese literature, he says, students charged that the professors had created "a hoisted for the restoration of capitalism." Throughout the autumn of

thoughts on literature, lectures on specialized subjects such as the poems of Mao and "foreign classics," of which Stendhal's *The Red and the Black* is the only work not by Marx, Lenin or Stalin. The main models for study are the revolutionary operas and ballets that depict struggle and sacrifice for Maoist "revolutionary heroism." In form Fudan thus remains a university, but its curriculum has been violently revolutionized, and the institution is in fact an ideological trade school, with little or no intellectual distinction, at least by Western standards. Faculty members also must combine theory with practice by taking turns at planting crops and doing other manual chores.

How to Serve. This transformation is best illustrated by the case of Tan Chia-chen, better known in the West as C.C. Tan, who got his Ph.D. at Caltech in 1936 and later taught at Columbia. A gentle-mannered geneticist, with a reputation for his theoretical papers on *drosophila*, Tan is now applying radiation genetics to wheat and rice to develop higher yields. "For us older people, the Cultural Revolution has solved the problem of whom to serve and how to serve," says Tan, rather stiffly. "We must serve the people."

The students live four to a room. Their day begins at 6:30 a.m. when they arise from their double-decker bunks and do exercises. Classes last from 8 until 4:30, with time out for lunch and more exercises, and there are two hours of "self-study" after supper. Tuition, room and board are all free, and students get six yuan (\$2.72) per month for spending money. Students range in age from 18 to over 30, and most have worked in factories or served in the army before being admitted. Factory workers are paid their full salaries by the state while they study.

The students are fervent and dedicated. Although the university has a library of 1.2 million volumes, with many books in English, French and German, foreign works remain virtually untouched except for technical engineering studies. The biggest reading room, a cavernous hall, is devoted primarily to Marxism and the thoughts of Mao.

Sitting around in easy chairs and sipping tea in covered cups, the students and faculty discuss their new style of education. For a Uighur girl from the steppes of Sinkiang, Fudan represents "liberation from a sea of misery." A former Red Guard now on the faculty says: "The new curriculum has made us all feel closer to the workers and peasants. In the past we stayed in school; now we have the rich experience of working in the fields."

All argued that without the Cultural Revolution they would never have been permitted to obtain a higher education. But for the more sophisticated intellectuals, the Cultural Revolution is still a continuing trauma, although they appear to conform to the radical new style of education. Some professors



TAN (LEFT) & TANG ON FUDAN CAMPUS
New shoes on an old road.

1969, while the university remained closed, "struggle, criticism and transformation" sessions were held because the professors "did not see society as a factory and kept divorcing the students from the masses." As one pigtailed coed put it: "We were wearing new shoes, but still going on the old road."

Teachers soon learned to walk the new road. They agreed to take students to factories to discuss revolutionary experiences with older workers. The curriculum for the May 7 Class in "Experimental Literature" now includes Mao's "So named because Chairman Mao issued instructions on May 7, 1966, that the Chinese army must 'be a great school.' China also has May 7 schools, at which errant party members engage in ideological self-criticism and reindoctrination combined with manual labor."

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"have not yet adapted to new teaching methods," as University Leader Tang put it. "There is too much book knowledge, not enough practical knowledge. The political revolution has just begun."

Crackdown on Fakes

Sunday, 8:15 p.m. A junior at the University of Miami walks into the dingy third-floor office of "Universal International Termapers Limited, Inc." He scribbles out his order and hands it to the clerk. "I'm sorry," she says, "we don't have that paper in stock. We'll have to order it." The clerk dials the firm's main office in Boston and then attaches the telephone receiver to a copying machine. A few minutes later, page after page of an impressively researched paper, transmitted from Boston, rolls off the copier.

From a modest beginning in the Boston area a year ago (TIME, April 19), the buying and selling of fake term papers has grown into a nationwide, multimillion-dollar business. Ads in major campus newspapers have attracted thousands of students, who pay the going rate of \$3 per page on any subject from Donne's Holy Sonnets to the United Auto Workers. Although there are no reliable figures on the number of fakes turned in every month, many educators agree with Robert Laudicina, a dean of students at Fairleigh Dickinson University: "At this point, these term-paper mills are beginning seriously to threaten the whole educational system."

For months, the universities and the police equivocated on how to combat the threat. Then, last month, the counterattack began in New York, where State Attorney General Louis Lefkowitz began court action to close down Termapers, Inc., one of the largest purveyors of ghost-written reports in the state. By dealing in term papers, Lefkowitz's office charged, the firm has subverted the educational process. Shortly thereafter, State Assemblyman Leonard Stavisky, who teaches American history and government at the City University of New York, announced that he is introducing legislation to make the sale of term papers a misdemeanor punishable by fine and imprisonment. Now Lefkowitz's office has subpoenaed the corporate records of another New York firm, Minuteman Research, Inc., which the state claims received 23 term papers stolen from Harvard professors.

The New York moves have spurred legal action in other states. The Massachusetts attorney general has started an investigation of term-paper mills. California's State Colleges Chief Counsel Richard Grey has prepared legislation aimed at putting them out of business. At Harvard, General Counsel Daniel Steiner is considering suits against all term-paper companies for breaching "an implicit educational contract" between colleges and students.



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THE THEATER



ROBARDS & STAPLETON IN "COUNTRY GIRL"

Suds Whiff of Humanity

THE COUNTRY GIRL
by CLIFFORD ODETS

A successful revival of a play from a former era often says more about the audience than it does about the playwright. Nine playgoers out of ten would much prefer to have their hearts warmed and their curiosities aroused than to have their minds challenged. Clifford Odets knew that. He knew that the public roots for a fallen hero to make a comeback. He knew that playgoers would wonder if an alcoholic could stay sober at a crucial moment in his career. He intuited that every woman in the audience would ask herself if she would suffer and support such a husband or accept an offer of love from a younger man with pile-driving ambition. In every soap opera there is a sudsy whiff of humanity.

This production of *The Country Girl* is a first-class revival that is likely to attract rapt audiences. If that happens, it will not prove that in 20 years Odets has grown in stature, but only that people tend to remain, somewhat endearingly, the same. Jason Robards is the alcoholic ex-matineé idol trying to make a comeback, Maureen Stapleton is the wife to whom he clings, and George Grizzard is the young director with a shark-toothed hunger for fame.

In two of three instances the casting is perfect. Robards gives a performance for the theatrical memory book: vain, vulnerable, self-pitying, playful, hung over, a deposed Richard II of the Great White Way who wins back his

crown. Grizzard is the perfect foil, an edgy Broadway Bolingbroke with a rapiere for a tongue. Unfortunately, Maureen Stapleton still seems to be playing *The Gingerbread Lady*. She is a jittery bundle of nerves rather than the tough stoic she ought to be, and her matronly appearance short-circuits what should be an electrically charged love interest between her and Grizzard. Nonetheless she is all theater, and—bless it—so is *The Country Girl*. ■ T.E. Kole

Triple Trouble

Every playwright might do well to inscribe a verse from the English *Book of Common Prayer* on his wall or his mind: "We have left undone those things which we ought to have done; and we have done those things which we ought not to have done." A play fails through unbelievable incompetence. Many more fail (aesthetically if not commercially) through a casual neglect of the basic elements of theater. Drama needs plot, character and conflict. Drama needs language of resonance, tempo and style—something more than a faithful reproduction of what people say at college commencements, dog tracks and Sunday brunches. Above all, drama needs a strong personal vision, not that of the camera's eye, but of the mind's eye. Three recent entries on and Off Broadway have attracted a measure of critical and popular support; yet they are more instructive for their flaws than their virtues.

NIGHT WATCH. In a mystery thriller, clues may be misinterpreted, but they ought not to be deliberately misleading. When the scattered links are put together, they should form a logical chain. Lucille Fletcher (*Sorry, Wrong Number*) fails to keep that compact with the audience. Most of *Night Watch* seems like a rehash of *Gaslight*, with a neurotrophic wife being driven totally batty by her calculating husband and his mistress (Elaine Kerr). An unprepared-for ending quite reverses this premise. As the lady with frayed nerve ends, Joan Hackett is convincingly twitchy, but she overworks the part to camouflage how underwritten the play is. In superior forms of suspense, the audience is tipped to what the characters do not know. In inferior forms, like *Night Watch*, the audience is in the dark and must wait, none too pleasantly, to find out precisely how it has been fooled.

THE DUPLEX. Black playwright Ed Bullins is engaged in an ambitious cycle of 20 plays depicting the nature and quality of black life in the U.S. The plays seem to resemble sections of track stamped "destination unknown." This is the price of writing drama that is all middle, with no discernible beginning or

end. Bullins is rich in mood, poor in plot. A sizable segment of that after-hours world consists of drinking, whoring, gambling and fighting. Bullins would probably get frothing mad at any white (playwright or not) who said some of the things that he says about blacks. He disowns the Lincoln Center production of *The Duplex* as a "coon show," though nothing in the script indicates that the spirit of the play has been violated. As a slice-of-life playwright, Bullins carves out zesty evocations of drunken parties, card-playing cronies, the sudden sensual thrust and parry of the sexes. When he can carve out the palpitating hearts of blacks who epitomize and yet transcend blackness, he will have written the play he is so promisingly aiming at.

SHADOW OF A GUNMAN. Revivals can be triggered by several fallacies. One is that if some event makes headlines today, the knowledge that it has happened before, say half a century ago, will electrify and elevate playgoers and perhaps lead them to wag their heads sagely while muttering "*Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose!*"

It does not take too nimble a wit to equate the hated Black and Tans of Sean O'Casey's 1923 play with their equally hated British army counterparts in Ulster, or the I.R.A. terrorists of that day and this. What has remained similarly unchanged is that this was fledgling O'Casey, his first produced play, and not remotely on a par with his poetic masterworks, *The Plough and the Stars* and *Juno and the Paycock*. *Gunman* shows the sidewalk off in O'Casey, busily slapdashing off one colorful, funny-sad character portrait after another without really integrating them on the large canvas of the play. ■ T.E.K.

KERR & HACKETT IN "NIGHT WATCH"





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MODERN LIVING

The Body Girdle

In their relentless pursuit of a trim figure, American women by the millions have tried exercise wheels, home massage kits, sauna belts, sauna pants and mummy wraps. Now they are turning to something new: the Isotoner Body Beauty Suit, which seems to have a slender edge over the other devices. It requires no effort except for putting it on, and it slims the body, even if no pounds are shed.

Before putting on the two-piece, leotard-like, nylon spandex suit, customers are advised to cover their bodies with a light film of greaseless Isotoner Motion Cream. Any movement, explains Aris Gloves, the manufacturer, then causes the suit and cream to work "synergistically." The suit will knead the cream into the body and the fiber will produce an "isometric push-pull action" that makes the whole operation a kind of wear-a-massage.

Isotoner advertising carefully skirts the issue of weight reduction, claiming only to make wearers look and feel thinner. The nylon spandex suit is in effect a top-to-toe lightweight girdle that feels, one wearer told San Francisco's I. Magnin & Co., "better than a lover's caress."

Isotoners come in several colors, have scoop or mock-turtle necks and are meant to be worn like any body suit. Prices: \$45 for the turtle neck, \$35 for the scoop, \$35 for the bottoms. Four-ounce refills of the cream are \$8.50. The company recently introduced two-piece body suits for men, and this spring will place on sale a "safari" model with short sleeves, club collar and front pockets. Designer Cardinali has sketched "cou-

ture" print evening body suits for fall, and Geoffrey Beene already has a collection of separates designed to go with the Isotoner.

One word of caution: Isotoner suits should be worn with a bra. Aris' Barbara Kling concedes, and for good reason: "Without a bra for women with a large bosom, Isotoner will flatten the bust. For women with small breasts, it will flatten the area completely."

The Best Defense

Purse-size electric cattle prods. Lipstick cases that are really tear-gas guns. Canes that double as daggers. As muggers across the nation are discovering, these are the latest additions to a growing James Bond arsenal of protective devices used by city dwellers to fend off would-be assailants.

Demand for such hardware seems greatest in New York City, where scores of muggings occur each day. "The number of people looking for a good defensive weapon has really exploded lately," claims Norman Simon, who owns three Manhattan umbrella stores. Catering primarily to law-abiding citizens who are reluctant to tote a handgun, Simon has since last December sold 200 steel-knobbed umbrellas and canes, 300 metal swagger sticks and 400 walking sticks weighted with buckshot.

Zap. Perhaps the most common devices now being offered to fed-up Manhattanites are inexpensive (\$5 and under) tear-gas sprays, available in many drugstores. Often combined with dye that marks an attacker for police identification, these sprays come disguised as everything from cigarette lighters to lipsticks. There is also the \$9.98 electric shock rod, a gadget that operates on four ordinary flashlight batteries and, according to the firm that markets it, releases "enough power to stop an angry bull in its tracks." The rod is more likely to prove shocking to the user when it fails to deter the attacker.

Most law-enforcement officials agree that besides being illegal, many of the protective devices are of questionable value. Sharpened canes, electric cattle prods and steel-knobbed umbrellas can be wrestled from the grasp of a struggling victim and turned against him. Sprays, for all their sophistication, have a nasty and altogether self-defeating tendency to blow back in the user's face. There is even a drawback to "Super Sound," an ear-piercing air horn attached to an aerosol can and designed to summon help while startling attackers. It can damage the hearing of mugger and muggie alike.

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*SOMETHING ELSE
in sound on wheels*

CORPORATIONS

The Clubby World of ITT

SEVERAL years ago, Harold Geneen complained about the image of the company that he heads: "You can stop 15 people in the street and not one will know what ITT is. That bothers me." Geneen hardly has that worry today. ITT is a household name. Everybody who reads the headlines knows that the International Telephone and Telegraph Corp. is the multibillion-dollar firm that quietly agreed to put up at least \$100,000 to help finance this year's Republican National Convention, and shortly thereafter negotiated a controversial settlement in a classic antitrust case. But Geneen's interests scarcely run to backroom politics. By concentrating on business to the exclusion of almost everything else, including personal life, Geneen has built ITT into the eighth largest U.S.-based industrial concern and the biggest of all multinational conglomerates.

The man and the company are really indistinguishable. In an era of colorless hired managers, trim, short-haired Geneen has shaped a corporation that everyone in business identifies with him. When he became its president in 1959, ITT already was large, with sales of \$765 million, but it mostly produced and ran telecommunications systems abroad. Under Geneen, ITT through a dizzying series of acquisitions has become a hotel operator (Sheraton), insurance seller (Hartford Fire), car rental (Avis), baker (Continental Baking), homebuilder (Levitt), as well as a maker of pulp and cellulose and a major shareholder in Comsat. Overseas it has been rolling like Patton's Third Army into cosmetics, food products, auto parts and construction materials. Last year it employed almost 400,000 people in 67 countries. They generated sales of \$7.3 billion, excluding Chilean and insurance operations, and profits of \$337 million.

Highest Paid. Geneen plays this corporate machine like an organ and tries to keep his fingers on every last key. A trained accountant, he thinks in figures—sales, profits, production, inventories. He requires subordinates round the world to send him reams of detailed reports, which he stuffs into several briefcases for perusal while being chauffeured to and from ITT's checkbook-modern Manhattan headquarters. His long working days are spent in meetings with ITT people, and his social engagements are related to business. Though he is perhaps the highest-paid executive in the U.S. (1970 salary: \$766,755) he cares little for good food or wine, custom tailoring or other

perquisites, and has no hobbies or compelling outside interests. His second wife June accommodates herself to his single-minded devotion to business.

The management structure of ITT is that of a federated empire. Division chiefs are free to run their operations, so long as they can convince Geneen that they are hitting his targets of a 15% compounded growth in profits every year, or have excellent reasons why they cannot do so. In order to check, Geneen summons more than 100 lieutenants to two monthly meetings, one in Manhattan and one in Brussels. The meetings, which are exhaustive reviews

gave him a \$10,000 raise. Moreover, executives who do well under Geneen are eagerly sought by head-hunters. ITT graduates include Charles T. Ireland, president of CBS, and Robert Kenmore, chairman of the big Kentor Corp.

ITT executives form a tight club. Admittance comes only after eight hours of psychological testing, applied to everyone down to the lowliest employees. Once in, ITT executives speak to and socialize almost exclusively with other ITT people. The club has a mania for security: paper-shredding machines like the one that chewed up ITT's Washington files whine continually in most ITT offices. Returning from Washington on a company plane last week, Geneen cracked: "Now I guess we'll have to acquire a company that makes paper-shredding machines."

ITT has much experience in dealing with politicians, mostly foreign. Some of its best customers for telephone and telegraph gear are European and Latin American governments. Dealings with these government officials are often on a straight *quid pro quo* basis. For example, in bidding for a government contract abroad, the company might offer to build a plant in an underdeveloped part of the host country. Close ITT watchers do not find it the least unusual that the company—or, for that matter, many a large, powerful firm—when threatened with antitrust prosecution, would approach Administration leaders directly and do everything possible to weigh the scales in its favor. Geneen, cloistered in the company, might well be unaware of how damning some of these moves could appear to the U.S. public.

Hedged Bets. ITT's recent sorry relations with the U.S. Government raise some questions about its future growth. True, the trustbusters could have given the company a tougher deal; for example, they could have forced it to sell off Hartford Fire instead of the lesser Avis, Levitt and several other companies. ITT stands to collect about \$600 million from those sales, and Geneen figures that he can reinvest the money—mostly in Europe—in ways that will raise profits by 10% to 12% a year. But the trustbusters have forbidden ITT from making any major acquisitions in the U.S. for at least ten years, and that will crimp its imperial aims at home. Beyond that, the political cloud cast over ITT is bound to affect its relations with customers, including the Government, in ways as yet unimagined.

Geneen's long-range goal is to leave ITT financially invulnerable, and to build a management group that can carry on without missing him. At 62, he has three years to do that before reaching mandatory retirement. Given his close identification with the company, any bets on ITT's future after he departs might have to be warily hedged.



PRESIDENT HAROLD GENEEN
Household name.

of all the figures and problems of each division, often last four days and nights.

Running them, Geneen lets junior executives put searching questions to their bosses, and he can be argued out of a position by a rare manager who possesses more facts than he does. But Geneen is also impatient, demanding quick figure-filled answers to his questions, and occasionally brutal, verbally flaying or simply ignoring executives who pose questions that he considers irrelevant. Working for Geneen is a tension-filled experience: ITT managers tend to be garrulous, because of the necessity of constantly justifying themselves. They find his constant demands challenging, if unnerving. They also are paid top dollar: five ITT executives drew more than \$200,000 each in 1970. Geneen once publicly chastised an executive almost to the point of making him weep, then



TOP VIEW OF KODAK'S POCKET MODEL 20, SHOWN IN ACTUAL SIZE



SEEN FROM FRONT, WITH VIEWFINDER (LEFT) & LENS OPENING VISIBLE

Immersed in mystery and speculation, two photographic maxi-giants start an era of mini-cameras.

NEW PRODUCTS

Little Black Box

Amid glove-tight corporate security and waves of speculation, the nation's two photography giants have been racing for months to bring out new products that will make big money out of small size. Last April Polaroid Founder Edwin Land pulled a camera the size of a cigar case from his shirt pocket for his stockholders to get a glimpse of—but no more. There are rumors that the audience at next month's annual meeting will get a much longer look, perhaps at the finished product. Last week Eastman Kodak Co. introduced a series of five ingenious little cameras, each about as big as a wallet and only one inch thick; they also easily fit into a man's shirt pocket.

The new Pocket Instamatics are successors to the full-sized cameras of the same name, which have sold more than 50 million units since they were brought out by Kodak in 1963. Although purchases of regular Instamatics will undoubtedly trickle off as a result of the smaller model's convenience, Kodak officials are convinced that they have tapped a far wider market with their compact. Half of all cameras in use in the U.S., they contend, are older and less sophisticated than the original Instamatic. During the new camera's first year on the market, Kodak reportedly hopes to sell 4,000,000 of them at prices ranging from \$28 to \$128 (vs. \$10 to \$145 for regular Instamatics). Says Van Phillips, a Kodak vice president: "People are going to find that you can carry this camera around as easily as a pack of cigarettes."

The trickiest problem in developing the new camera was finding a narrow-

width film that would produce color prints of sufficient sharpness—a challenge that Germany's Minox and other manufacturers of minicameras have never quite met. Kodak scientists came up with fine-grained film that converts negatives only about a third as large (17 mm. by 13 mm.) as those recorded on regular Instamatic film to 3 1/2-in.-by-4 1/2-in. standard prints—some 30% larger than the old ones. Photographers will pay the same as before for both film and printing. Says Kodak President Gerald B. Zornow: "The key technology in the project was in coming up with the right film."

It may be a handy key to increased profits as well. Because of the reduced film size, Kodak will save on the cost of film base, plastic and other materials. In addition, the nation's 650 print processors must buy new equipment to develop the smaller film; naturally, the only company that sells it is Kodak. For photographers who want to shoot transparencies, Kodak is manufacturing a new series of slide projectors sized to show the 16-mm. film.

To Kodak officers, the sound of clicking shutters comes through as the music of prosperity—and for the past several years the music has not been quite as sweet as it might have been. Not that the company is in trouble; last year it posted after-tax profits of \$419 million on sales of nearly \$3 billion. Still, partly because the market for highly profitable Instamatics was becoming glutted, earning levels have lagged slightly behind sales increases. But in recent months, largely in anticipation of a flash-gun reception for the new compact Instamatics, investors have pushed up Eastman-Kodak's stock from 72 to an alltime high of 113 1/2. Last week it closed at 113 1/2.



PRESIDENT ZORNOW DEMONSTRATES

Kodak's archcompetitor Polaroid has hardly dropped out of the race. Within the past few months the company has begun manufacturing its smaller camera at a new plant in Norwood, Mass., and will probably have the compact on dealers' shelves in time for Christmas. Polaroid scientists are also hard at work on a new film process that will produce instant slide transparencies. Also in the works: instant film for home-movie cameras.

Both companies stand to benefit from the deepening U.S. fascination with the photographic image, especially on the part of the young, who have enthusiastically made a new Pop-art form of poster-size photographs of everything from rock groups to Rocky Mountain scenes. Kodak's newest—and smallest—little black box will undoubtedly have wide appeal to the majority of amateurs who want to keep their equipment uncomplicated and lightweight. It marks the introduction of a new era of compact cameras and pocket photography.

STOCK MARKET

Pointing for a Record

A brief case of jitters shook some of the stardust out of the stock market last week but failed to halt the long upswing of the past four months. The main cause of concern: a rise in short-term interest rates, which signaled an apparent mild switch in the Federal Reserve Board's easy-money policy. Now, to stem the flow of dollars abroad, the board has decided to let short-term rates edge up.

Though a rate rise had been anticipated, the news moved many investors

BUSINESS

to sell. On the first day of trading last week, the Dow Jones industrial average plunged eleven points, to 929. But the Dow picked up in subsequent sessions and closed the week at 943. A major stabilizing factor: the belief that the Federal Reserve will not revert to a restrictive money policy and risk stalling the business recovery in a presidential election year. Most Wall Street professionals are optimistic and are all but certain that the Dow will pierce the magical 1,000 level before long.

Dowdled Dow. The market is even more vigorous than the Dow Jones average of 30 big, old industrial stocks suggests. The Dow is the market's best-watched barometer, but it is lagging well behind more representative, broader-based gauges. Standard & Poor's index of 425 industrial stocks hit a new all-time high four weeks ago. Last month the industrial component of the New York Stock Exchange's 1,047-issue index also reached a record. Yet the Dow dawdles 52 points behind its record closing of 995 posted in February 1966.

Dogging the Dow's progress are the limp performances of quite a few of its stocks, including Anaconda, United Aircraft, U.S. Steel and International Harvester. Profits of many of the big firms have been vitiated by recession, expropriation of their property abroad and muscular foreign competition. Because their size makes them so visible and the impact of their actions is so widespread, the prices that large firms charge are more tightly controlled than those of smaller companies.

Buoyant Profits. There is good reason for optimism. The economy, though not booming, is forging steadily ahead. Unemployment, at 5.7%, is much too high, and retail sales remain flaccid; the personal-savings rate for January touched a phenomenal 9.2%, up .5% from the month before. On the other hand, home building continues robust, running at a record annual rate of 2,500,000 starts in January.

Factory orders are up, and inventories are at last slowly rising. Most significant in what could be the start of a more rapid economic climb, industrial production jumped a sharp .7% in February, bringing the total increase in the past three months to a sturdy 1.8%.

Investors are particularly buoyed by last year's 13% rise in pretax corporate profits and expectations that earnings will increase this year by 15% or so. More than 70 major companies raised their dividends in the past three months, including American Brands, Avon Products, Colgate-Palmolive, Xerox and Federated Department Stores. Brokers are also cheered by evidence that more small investors are training back into the market after staying out for several years. Board rooms across the country are again crowded with tape watchers, and margin debt rose by a substantial \$480 million in February, to \$6.2 billion, indicating that people are confident enough to borrow in order to

buy stocks. The rising market is also bringing back foreign investors, notably Swiss bankers, who are pouring money into U.S. stocks.

Cyclical stocks that rise and fall with the economy should do well. This includes shares in autos, photographic equipment, building developers, leisure products, hotels, airlines, machine tools, appliances and office equipment. Such blue chips as steel, chemicals and railroads should also climb, in part because many are overly depressed. Other probable winners are CATV, brokerage-house and bank stocks. Likely to be among the poorest performers in the next few months: international oil companies, which are being forced to pay to host countries more and more of their earnings; public utilities, which find it difficult to raise their rates; and copper and aluminum, which face market gluts. Short of a major crisis, however, the stock market seems well on its way to a very good year.

Even so, the ownership issue between OPEC and the companies is far from resolved. The two sides have not agreed on the timing of the sale or how OPEC nations should pay for their company shares. By far the most difficult obstacle is how the price will be figured. The OPEC governments want to calculate their bill simply by totaling the book value of a company's equipment, real estate and other holdings. By that measure, Aramco, which is jointly owned by Standard Oil of California, Jersey Standard, Texaco and Mobil, is worth some \$500 million. Yet company officials rightly believe that as the holder of a concession on Saudi Arabia's fabulous oil reserves until 1999, Aramco has a much higher commercial value. They insist on compensation for the loss of future profits.

Oil company officers hope to make up for at least part of their losses by expanding shipping and marketing operations, which are not affected by the



ARAB WORKERS LEARNING ENGLISH AT ARAMCO'S SAUDI ARABIA TRAINING CENTER

OIL

Nationalization in Part

Having forced oil companies to swallow two major price increases over the past year, the eleven nations that sit atop the world's rich pools of oil are now demanding a piece of the companies themselves. Their goal is "participation," which is merely another way of describing partial, and probably increasing, nationalization of the U.S. and European firms that drill in their territory. At a meeting in Beirut of the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries (OPEC), which ended last week, the largest consortium of oil companies, the Arabian American Oil Co., bowed to the inevitable and agreed in principle to sell 20% of its ownership to Saudi Arabia. Aramco's decision will doubtless cause a gush of further participation concessions, which will increase the economic and political power of the producing nations, most of them in the Middle East.

drive toward participation. Nevertheless, the price of oil sold by partially nationalized operations will undoubtedly go up. Since the trend is beginning in the Middle East, the higher prices are expected to hit first in Europe and Japan, where customers depend on Moslem nations for nearly all of their oil.

Bail-Out Fund. Negotiations on the specifics of the deal with Saudi Arabia will continue this week, though no final agreement is expected for months. OPEC made it clear that member nations are more unified than ever in their determination to gain part ownership of the companies. OPEC members are considering starting a multimillion-dollar special fund "to assist any member country affected by actions taken against it by oil companies." Presumably the money could be used to keep afloat nations whose oil might be boycotted by Western oil buyers in participation disputes. Eventually the producing countries hope to get at least 51% control of the company operations in their areas.

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TRANSPORTATION

Away from Highways

In the greatest public works program since the pharaohs piled up the pyramids, the Government since 1956 has laced the U.S. with 33,000 miles of multilane highways. Nearly all of the \$47 billion cost has been paid from the Highway Trust Fund, which lives off the 4¢-a-gallon federal gasoline tax. The highway program has created much convenience for drivers, countless jobs for workers—and untold profits for auto, oil, tire, cement, construction, motel and other companies. Lately the program has also earned much criticism.

In Baltimore, Washington, San Antonio, New Orleans and other cities, protesters have challenged about 200 highway projects. Commuter groups complain that too much is spent on highways and not enough on mass transit. Civil rights groups complain that new highways cut down old urban neighborhoods. Environmentalists complain that the highways, by stimulating auto travel, aggravate air pollution. Protests are rising in Congress. Says Senator Lowell P. Weicker Jr., Connecticut Republican: "It is inconceivable that we have hundreds of thousands protesting the war, but we plaidly accept 55,000 highway deaths a year."

New Makeup. Last week, in a surprise move, Transportation Secretary John Volpe proposed making Highway Trust Fund money available for mass transit. The fund now provides about \$5 billion a year for federal roads. Under Volpe's plan, the Government would allow \$1 billion of this to be spent on mass transit in 1974, \$1.85 billion in fiscal 1975 and \$2.25 billion in subsequent years. Chances of winning congressional approval this year appear dim, but it is important that the Nixon Administration is striving to spread the money around, and it seems inevitable that just that will be done some time in the future.

The plan faces opposition of varying intensity from the myriad companies that benefit from highway building, as well as automobile clubs and state highway officials. Together, these forces make up a powerful highway lobby, jokingly dubbed in Washington the "Highwaymen" or the "Road Gang." Yet some of the major beneficiaries of highway building recognize that changes should and will be made.

Call to Conserve. Chiefs of General Motors and Ford favor diverting at least some of the Highway Trust Fund to subsidize buses and other mass-transit systems that use highways, but not rail transit projects. Ford is promoting a high-speed-hus system, based on a network of guideways built over existing highways that use computer-controlled, Ford-built mini buses capable of carrying ten passengers. The company is building an experimental two-station



THREATENED EGG-LAYERS AT CALIFORNIA POULTRY RANCH AWAITING SENATE ACTION
Which comes first, the chickens or the profits?

system for Transpo 72 at Dulles Airport outside Washington.

Officers of oil companies—notably Jersey Standard and Mobil—argue that some trust-fund money should be spent on rail as well as highway transit projects. These executives are worried about a future shortage of oil, which they want to conserve. It is remarkable that some top businessmen are contemplating means to reduce demand for their basic product. Even more remarkable, this rejiggering of the oilmen's past philosophy puts them in the same camp as their most outspoken critics—the environmentalists.

FOOD

Henocide

The U.S. is a nation of chickens—more than 430 million of them, or about twice as many as people. Nearly three out of four of the birds are raised for the sole purpose of laying eggs. Therein lies a problem: a superfluity of busy chickens has led to a surplus of eggs. Retail prices are down to 40¢ a dozen in some areas, and wholesale prices are at their lowest levels in more than 30 years. Farmers complain that eggs now sell at an average of 5¢ less per dozen than the cost of production, and that they are losing money at the rate of about \$300 million a year.

How did the glut arise? Prices were as high as \$1 a dozen retail in 1969 and early 1970, causing many farmers to overorder new laying hens. Since high prices meant high profits, many outside investors—looking for the tax advantages that farming can offer—put their money into eggs. Early last year a new vaccine was swiftly eliminating Marek's disease, an affliction that used to wipe out 15% to 20% of the nation's hens every year. Besides, per capita egg consumption has remained virtually static at little more than 300 per person a year.

Because of regional rivalries in the egg business, farmers have not been able to agree about limiting the size of flocks to drive prices up again. Now, however, Congress may force eggmen to act.

Last week the Senate Agriculture Committee approved the egg industry adjustment act, which would require each producer to slaughter a percentage of his hens. The bloodletting could be ordered only after eggs had sold below the cost of production for three straight months, and only upon approval by two-thirds of the nation's producers in a referendum. Compliance would be enforced with fines of up to \$5,000. Such drastic measures are warranted, argues Committee Chairman Herman Talmadge of Georgia, to avoid a rash of chicken-farm bankruptcies. "They have been selling eggs below the cost of production for two years," he says. "If that isn't need, I don't know what is."

Not all Congressmen agreed. "Henocide!" cried Illinois Representative Paul Findley. "Plucked down to bare facts, this bill is nothing more than a scheme to use the lethal authority of Government to force up the market price of eggs by killing hens." Findley was particularly piqued that the bill singles out female chickens for liquidation. "The gals of Women's Lib," he told the House, "will surely unbind their sharpest claws for those who do nothing—not even harmless, painless vasectomy—to the males, the perpetrators of production. Surely they will bare their beaks and demand roostericide instead of henocide."

Agriculture Committee staffers give the bill a good chance of passage in the Senate. The measure could result in the eventual execution of millions of hens and the recovery of egg prices to at least last year's levels. Even if the bill does not pass, enough bankruptcies among egg producers would eventually drive prices back up anyway. In either case, the loser stands to be the consumer, who is already aggrieved by rising prices of most other foods.



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MUSIC

Queenly Charisma

"As soon as I walk into the theater, I'm somebody else," says Soprano Beverly Sills. "I'm *Manon*, or *Lucia* or whoever it happens to be. Even if, God forbid, I'm not getting the message to the audience, I'm getting the message."

Last week at the New York City Opera, Sills' somebody else was Mary Queen of Scots in Donizetti's *Maria Stuarda*—and everybody got the message. In a career distinguished by a quest for new music and new roles, Maria is one of her best finds yet. Sills shows a thoroughgoing grasp of both the personal inner core and the queenly outer charisma of her character. Emotionally it is as if Sills were living in 16th century Tudor England. Indeed, that may well be the case these days. She is in the midst of performing a trilogy by Donizetti that began last season when she sang Elizabeth I in *Roberto Devereux* and will be rounded off next year when she sings Elizabeth's mother in *Anna Bolena*. The whole project, as City Opera Director Julius Rudel says, amounts to a sort of Elizabethan *Ring*.

Musically, *Maria Stuarda* is, alas, a considerable bore—much less inspired, say, than the same composer's *Lucia di Lammermoor* or *Don Pasquale*. The



BEVERLY SILLS AS MARIA STUARDA
Getting the message.

only reason to pluck it from obscurity now is to afford a singing actress like Sills the dual opportunity to make life look difficult and *bel canto floritura* easy. That Sills can accomplish better than anyone in opera today.

The Elizabeth of *Devereux* is a study in willful, stony obduracy. By contrast, the role of Elizabeth's archrival and victim Maria is mercurial and passionate, offering Sills an ideal opportunity to display her gift for devel-

oping a character. In her first scene, Sills is a sweet-voiced lark of a girl enjoying the open sky and the fragrant fields. Moments later she is off on a rapturous, throaty love duet with the Earl of Leicester, making Donizetti's elaborately wrought roulades and cantilena sound as natural as a lullaby.

Later comes a hair-curling (and historically inaccurate) episode in which, with spitting snarls, Maria denounces Elizabeth to her face ("obscene, unworthy prostitute . . . vile bastard"), and thereby seals her doom. At the end, Sills is the epitome of resolute self-control, pulling her disparate and volatile selves together, laying her head bravely on the block and rapping it three times to cue the executioner, as, by some accounts, Maria did. Going to one's death onstage is nothing new for any opera singer. But Sills somehow always manages to put new life into it.

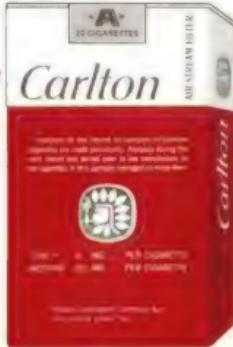
■ William Bender

Resolving the Catch

"Their parents know they are great. Their teachers know it. But I am the first manager in their lives who thinks so too." So says a pert, raven-haired Vassar graduate named Susan Wadsworth about the 20 young concert musicians currently under her professional care. As founder, director and 50% of the staff of Manhattan's Young Concert Artists Inc., Wadsworth offers her charges a resolution of the music

Carlton. Lowest in "tar" of all regular filter kings tested by U.S. Government.

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4 mg. "tar." 0.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report Aug '71

business's own Catch-22. It is fiercely difficult for fledgling artists to establish themselves without the help of big managers like Sol Hurok, Herbert Barrett or Columbia Artists: yet the big managers are rarely interested in fledgling performers.

Young Concert Artists is dedicated to finding gifted musicians between the ages of 18 and 28, and then, after a proper round of concert introductions, losing them to the Huroks. In this way, during its ten years of existence, Y.C.A. has helped to launch the careers of Violinists Pinchas Zukerman and Paul Zukofsky. Pianists Ruth Laredo and Richard Goode, Cellist Ko Iwasaki and Flutist Paula Robison, among others. Its remarkable record has been largely due to two factors: a nonprofit operation subsidized partly by private foundations, and Wadsworth's own energies and discriminating ear for talent.

Make or Break. The Y.C.A. method is best illustrated by a case history. Take Pianist Nerine Barrett, 28. Nerine grew up in the sun and surf of Montego Bay, Jamaica, where her father was headmaster of a boys' school and her mother a cultured amateur pianist. It was an idyllic background, but not a very stimulating one for a teen-ager who wanted to become a concert artist. When she was 17, Nerine won a Jamaican government scholarship to go to London, where she studied with internationally known Ilona Kobos. In 1965, after four years, she landed an engagement with the City of Birmingham Symphony. Then not much else happened. Nerine began to realize what many had learned before her: New York was still the make-or-break city in the music world. How to attract a major American manager without any credentials—without a victory in a big European contest, say, or a New York review?

Nerine turned to Susan Wadsworth, whose fame had spread to London by that time. She got the young artist a Carnegie Recital Hall debut, and indirectly that first New York review (favorable). Then, drawing only a 5% commission (v. the standard 20%), Manager Wadsworth began to cajole bookings—a woman's club here, a Y.M.C.A. there, with an occasional orchestral date in between. Gradually, Nerine, whose powerful pianistic stride belies her petite, endearingly frail look, began to catch on. "You can come back any time," said a concert manager in Dayton in 1969. She has every year since. Last month she played in the relative obscurity of a Philadelphia Quaker school auditorium, but last week she was soloist at regular concerts of the New York Philharmonic, playing Beethoven's *Second Piano Concerto*. Next season, fulfilling the Y.C.A. program, Nerine will graduate to the professional management of Harold Shaw.

Susan Wadsworth, 35, was herself



MANAGER SUSAN WADSWORTH
Practice was boring.

an aspiring pianist when she got the idea for Y.C.A. She kept being impressed by young fellow performers and asking when she could hear them in public. Their usual reply: never. To rectify that situation, she began arranging a series of Monday night concerts in a Greenwich Village restaurant. She got the use of the place in exchange for 300 second-hand dining chairs she bought for the owner. The first season (1961-62) she picked the artists herself. "It was just by nose," she says. Today, working out of a two-room office provided free by a Manhattan realtor who happens to be her mother, she has the help of an expert jury of pros in screening Y.C.A. hopefuls.

The price of her new career has been the abandonment of her old one. Yet for her, giving up the piano was a painless sacrifice. "Practicing the piano," Susan Wadsworth concedes, "seemed to be the thing that bored me most in life."

Pick of the New LPs

Bach: Cantatas, Vol. 1, Nos. 1 to 4; Vol. 2, Nos. 5 to 8 (Telefunken/Das Alte Werk; 2 LPs each; \$11.90). The start of something big—a project to record all 200 (or is it 247, or 295?) of Bach's cantatas by the eve of his tricentennial in 1985. The New York mail-order house Musical Heritage Society is already embarked on a similar project. It will have to go some to surpass these Telefunken performers—Vienna's Concentus Musicus (Nos. 1-6) and Amsterdam's (Gustav) Leonhardt-Consor (7-8). The approach here is enthusiastically scholarly, using boys for the soprano parts and such authentic instruments as the wooden *flauto traverso* and the five-stringed violone. The albums even include photographic reproductions of

MUSIC

the Bach-Gesellschaft scores of the cantatas. But in the mighty No. 4 (*Christ lag in Todesbanden*), one would gladly swap the authenticity for some of the interpretive sweep of, say, Karl Richter and the Munich Bach Choir (DGG/Archive).

Glière: Symphony No. 3 (Ilya Murometz) (RCA: \$5.98). *Scheherazade* got you down? Bored with the *Nutcracker Suite*? Try this *Ilya* for a good, unashamed wallow in exotic Russian romanticism. Though a musical reactionary, Glière (1875-1956) was a first-rate melodist and a master of the bold orchestral stroke. Both gifts are amply documented by this sonic dazzler from Conductor Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra.

Callas by Request (Angel: \$5.98). A new collection of arias by Maria Callas? Yes and no. There are six previously unreleased performances—five arias by Verdi, one by Bellini—but they are not really new. La Callas recorded them in 1960 and 1964, then withheld their release. Listening to the wobbly state of her top notes, one can guess the reason. Listening to the overwhelming expressive power of Imogene's dream narrative in Bellini's *Il Pirata* or Aida's *Ritorna vincitor*, one knows why she changed her mind.

Beethoven: Piano Concerto No. 1 (Philips: \$5.98); **Schumann, Grieg Concertos** (Philips: \$5.98). As suggested by their 1970 version of Beethoven's "Emperor" Concerto and confirmed by these new performances, Pianist Stephen Bishop and Conductor Colin Davis now rank as the team to beat in the already star-studded fields of the classic and romantic concerto. As always, Davis displays his knack of making the music sound fresh without resorting to anything radical. As for Bishop, it is hard to imagine even his teacher Myra Hess playing the Schumann more tenderly, or his idol Schnabel playing the Beethoven *First* more manfully.

Schoenberg, Berg, Webern: Complete String Quartets (La Salle Quartet, Deutsche Grammophon; 5 LPs; \$34.90). A landmark of recorded chamber music that ought to take some of the sting out of the three A's of atonality—Arnold, Alban and Anton. The set also ought to demonstrate to open-minded listeners that the so-called Second Viennese School, which comprises these three composers, was hardly more revolutionary than the first (Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven), especially considering what the string quartet form was when Haydn took it up (elementary) and when Beethoven laid it down (uncanny). The La Salles play as if they had never heard that these scores were supposed to be intimidating and arcane—with the result that they are not. Rather, they are simply what Schoenberg himself hoped they would be: music for enjoyment.

■ William Bender

Dream Ghoul

THE LATE GREAT CREATURE

by BROCK BROWER

300 pages. Atheneum. \$6.95.

Anyone who doubts the extent to which terror has been trivialized has only to plot the limp trajectory from *Frankenstein* to *The Munsters*. Or they can read Brock Brower's remarkable comic novel which, among other things, demonstrates just how difficult it has become to be a monster.

Popular tastes, inflationary economics, the scissors and blue pencils of outrageous editorial fortune, all conspire against topnotch depravity. In ad-



BROCK BROWER IN HIS STUDY
Hapsburgian kinky.

dition, journalism brings more actual horror into the home than gothic tales could ever manage. The threshold of shock keeps rising, and with it that numbness characteristic of the saddest of all monsters, the zombie.

Against such living death, Brower thrills Simon Moro, an aging horror-film actor and cinema-cult figure. His old films, *Ghoulantua*, *Gila Man*, etc., are classics. Many have been severely cut, or shelved, for reasons of taste. A Moro film in which the monster gets the girl is as unacceptable to the public as a cartoon cat who catches and justly devours the mouse.

Moro is a genius of the erotically macabre. Next to him, Lugosi is as benign as a bishop. "Bela," says Moro, "had the mannerisms, the Transylvanian suavity, the cape work, all that, but I don't think he ever really felt the urges." Moro feels them down to his hairy gray toes, because he understands the truth about monsters. They are not something else, but pro-

jections of ourselves turned inside out.

The first part of the novel is narrated by a freelance named Warner Williams, whose article on Simon Moro has been rejected by a magazine. To make it acceptable, Williams then undertakes a paper chase through notes and memory. The result is the novel, the whole (though not necessarily verifiable) truth about Simon Moro, whose own identity is a holism of flaccidity and confused truths. His accent is Central European, his interests are Hapsburgian kinky. He began his career in Austria but was actually born in Vienna, N.J. A nice touch. Fittingly, one of Moro's last attempts to reawaken America to the majesty of terror occurs on the *Tonight* show. A great touch. With their open-ended banalities, incessant commercials and non-climaxes, such shows can come absurdly close to those modern visions of hell where the damned wait endlessly for something to happen.

Moro does not disappoint the sleepy viewers. He appears in a black bird suit, his "Ravenswear," ostensibly to plug a new film. Suddenly he is doing stunts with a severed finger, which has a history of putrefaction, that is in itself a small comic masterpiece. Moro's ultimate public outrage is a staging of his own funeral, a new high for that truly American form of expression, the synthesis of art and advertising.

If this were all Brower had done, *The Late Great Creature* would be only one of the funniest tours de force of the past few years. But he has done more. With few illusions of ever returning to the great days of Saturday matinee catharsis, he illustrates the salutary nature of terror—it ability to exorcise fears of evil and death. He also toys gracefully with the paradox that fiction is capable of more truth than journalism. The truth about Brock Brower, an experienced freelance journalist, is that he must now be reckoned with as an extraordinarily capable novelist.

■ R.Z. Sheppard

Eve of Empire

THE TOWERS OF SILENCE

by PAUL SCOTT

392 pages. William Morrow. \$8.95.

An unintentional irony of Paul Scott's vast and impressive novel about the last days of the British raj in India is that, although Scott flays the British for the rigidities of their rule, the architectural scheme of his work is serenely imperial. It suggests croquet lawns and carriage drives and a degree of surface certitude that is distinctly viceregal. *The Towers of Silence* is the third volume of a series:

a fourth book is promised to conclude the work.

Construction on this scale, even when it is done with Scott's skill, raises an obvious question: How many novels must be written about the same 15 or 20 characters, moving through the same set of events? "At most, one," is the generous guess. Indeed, a single incident is the work's focus: the gang rape of a young Englishwoman, Daphne Manners, who is attacked by Indians in the Bibighar Gardens in Mayapore in 1942. The wrong men are arrested, including Hari Kumar, Miss Manners' lover, a displaced and dispossessed youth whose brown face makes him invisible to English society, but whose English public school education and accent set him apart from the Indian culture. To the colonial English, Kumar's association

PAUL W. CASHMORE



PAUL SCOTT IN LONDON
Serenely imperial.

with Daphne Manners is intolerable; it is especially painful to the district superintendent of police, Ronald Merrick, who has himself proposed marriage to the girl. Merrick conducts his interrogation with a cruelty compounded by racism and rancid sex.

The background is an unstable mixture of war and political unrest. Gandhi has just declared a policy of non-cooperation with the British war effort. Now the Japanese are invading India, assisted by an Indian army formed of turncoat prisoners of war.

The substance of *The Towers of Silence* is reminiscent of the first novel, *The Jewel in the Crown* (1966), and of its successor, *The Day of the Scorpion* (1968). The rape is reinvestigated, and there is a restaging of a wedding already seen in the second novel. The bride, apparently a pukka Englishwoman, senses the unsolidity and perhaps the immorality of the English presence in India, and goes temporarily mad.

Part of the justification for re-

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Why is it so hard to discuss the POW question?

Not only is the prisoner-of-war question a thorny problem at the peace talk sessions in Paris. It seems an explosive issue in homes around the world, even here in America.

Why?

Because we are in a complicated and baffling and frustrating war.

Because it is an "unofficial" war and many people wonder what rules apply. Or possibly, if any rules apply.

Because nobody wants the war but the two sides can't agree how to end it.

The prisoner-of-war issue is caught up in this maelstrom of intellectual confusion and emotional voltage.

It's a pity that it is.

It's a pity for the men who are being held prisoner. It's a pity for their families who live in fear and doubt.

Indeed, it's a pity for the nations involved and those who only watch.

They have allowed the multiplicity of issues to cloud the human issue.

This message speaks not of the political side of the prisoner-of-war issue but of the human side.

It speaks for the families of the prisoners and for all the peoples of the world whose conscience hasn't been covered over by the smog of confusion.

Of course, we all want the war to end and the prisoners of war to be released as soon as possible.

But meanwhile there is no need for Hanoi and its allies to delay even a day in answering this plea:

Open your prison camps in North Vietnam, South Vietnam, Laos and Cambodia to official neutral observers. Let the world know who the prisoners are, where they are and whether they are being humanely treated in accordance with the standard of civilized nations.

That's all. Certainly there can be agreement on that part of the POW question.

In fact, there is no need for consultations. Hanoi, unilaterally and

without consultation, can solve the problem.

Then, at least, the minds of millions in America would rest easier.

And perhaps those in other parts of the world, too.

**SUPPORT
OUR PLEA
TO HANOI
AND ITS ALLIES:**

Clear away the doubts –
Open your prison camps to
neutral observers...
now!

We ask no more than we give. All American and South Vietnamese prison camps are inspected regularly by official neutral observers – The International Committee of the Red Cross.

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National League of Families of American Prisoners and Missing in Southeast Asia.
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Young forest, naturally in 60 years

Mature trees ready for harvest

Recently harvested area with seed trees

Recently harvested area with seed trees and seedlings

Maturing second growth, harvest in 30 years

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California's bristlecone pines are the oldest trees in the U.S. One is 4,900 years old. They live on extremely dry, bare, mountainous desert slopes that eliminate competition.

Coast redwoods grow best on flood-deposited soil of several California rivers. Redwoods are tall and stand around trunks, killing off competition. Redwoods adapted by sending out new roots at new ground level.



Only a small part of the bristlecone is alive. And grows very very slowly at that. This section of rings represents a hundred years.

Nature will cooperate with man if man learns to cooperate with Nature.

ST REGIS

BOOKS

telling all this is Scott's presentation of three exceptional women characters. It seems clear that for the author they are England. One is a tough elderly widow, Maybel Layton, who has foreseen the end of British India for years and feels that it is richly deserved. The second is Mildred, the wife of Colonel Layton, Maybel's stepson. The third is the book's major figure, a retired mission schoolteacher named Barrie Batchelor. She is a good, decent person, not very bright, and downright foolish about matters of practicality and self-interest. For 40 years she has tried to bring little Indian schoolchildren to Jesus, and now she doubts whether she did any good. At the end of the book, from her hospital window, Miss Batchelor sees the wheeling carrion birds of a Parsi tower of silence. The birds, she says, have picked her mind clean. She is finished. So is British India.

For all the books' combined mass, their bulk is somehow not troublesome. The author finds more to say, and again more, as she sifts and resifts portents and motivations. The fourth and concluding novel, *A Division of the Spoils*, when it appears, should be a literary event of importance.

■ John Skow



TRIMMING A TALL-BACKED CHAIR
Phosphorescent grace.

other high school magazine; in fact, *Foxfire* has been coming out quarterly ever since, gathering subscriptions across the U.S. Presented in this anthology, the material has the straight, tough grain of authenticity.

Foxfire? The students chose the name; it is a tiny phosphorescent organism that gleams on old stumps and logs in shaded glens. In *Foxfire* the anthology, Lon Reid, a grizzled, quiet-spoken mountaineer, demonstrates how to make a tall-backed wooden chair, altogether by hand, just as he learned from his own father. Photos, diagrams and his taped words capture the craft completely. They also catch the man. A collection of hunting stories grows taller and taller, ending of course with bear; it is capped by old Minyard Conner's scandalous yarn of how his granddaddy killed the bear that caught him with his britches down.

Andrea Burrell gets her grandmother to show how to make soap from lye and lard. U.G. McCoy tells how to skin and cook a coon. There are home remedies, snake lore, weather signs, quilt patterns and stitches, faith healing and mountain recipes: carrot pudding, a century-old recipe for gingerbread, fried pumpkin and Spanish blossoms.

Survival Shelf. The splendid set pieces of the book explain the intricate classic art of building a log cabin, notch by hand-hewn notch, the principles of stone chimney construction, the shingles split from the white oak log with wedges, go-devil, maul and froe. And how to feed up, slaughter, dress out, pepper cure, smoke, cook and eat a hog, with two opinions about what one does with the ears, which are grisly. Not to mention a dissertation on moonshining as a fine art—by men who practiced it well.

There is hardly any sentimentality here, but much clear-eyed love and

Mountain Ways, Plain

THE FOXFIRE BOOK

edited by ELIOT WIGGINTON

384 pages. Doubleday. \$8.95.

Up in the hills of northern Georgia, tucked into a bony corner against the two Carolinas, is Rabun. It is a gap in the mountains, a county, a town and a school district named after the gap.

In recent years each generation has gone back to the mountains to save something vital of the country's sense of identity. Alan Lomax in the '30s, Woody Guthrie and Pete Seeger since, rescued what they could of the songs and music.

Six years ago, Eliot Wigginton came from Cornell, newly stuited with Shakespeare and ideals, to face his first English classes at Rabun Gap. Within weeks his students taught him that they were bored beyond insubordination. He threw texts away, sent the kids out to raise the funds to start their own magazine and then into the hills and hollows with notebooks, tape recorders and cameras to study the techniques and graces of living on an all but vanished frontier. "Daily our grandparents are moving out of our lives," Wigginton writes in his brief preface. "When they're gone, the magnificent hunting tales, the ghost stories that kept a thousand children sleepless, the intricate tricks of self-sufficiency acquired through years of trial and error . . . all these go with them, and what a loss." What the students brought back could have been as tiresome as any



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some surprising beauty. Among the most beautiful people in the book is a superb old lady of 85 named Aunt Arie, who lives alone in a log cabin with well water and the food she raises. One of Wigginton's editors writes, introducing a long conversation with Aunt Arie, "As we talked, she told me how she used to live, but without feeling sorry for herself and without saying how many miles she walked to school each day." ■ Horace Judson

Baba Wa Taifa

WE MUST RUN WHILE THEY WALK

A Portrait of Africa's Julius Nyerere

by WILLIAM EDGETT SMITH

296 pages. Random House. \$7.95.

Julius Nyerere is in some ways an improbable *baba wa taifa* (father of a nation). A scholarly and somehow puckishly Gandhian man, he led Tanganyika to remarkable peaceful independence from Britain in 1961 and then presided over its union with the island of Zanzibar in 1964, when the two together became Tanzania.

"I think I remained much more philosophical than political," Nyerere has said. "I wouldn't tackle things like discrimination I just said. 'It is wrong for one people to govern another, and everything else fell into place. So they called me a moderate.'

An East African correspondent for TIME during the 1960s, William Smith has written a study that is less of a treatise on African nationalism and politics than a fond, informal portrait of one of postcolonial Africa's most engaging leaders. Nyerere, now 50, the son of a chief of Tanganyika's relatively minor Zanaki tribe, was raised in a cluster of mud huts and sent off to a government school at twelve. He became a teacher of biology and history, and studied for three years at the University of Edinburgh. Back in Tanganyika, he was increasingly drawn into the campaign for independence. Characteristically, however, as he traveled the vast colony by Land Rover to proselytize for TANU (Tanganyika Africa Nationalist Union), he had a gentleman's agreement with the police who tailed him everywhere: they stopped to help fit each other's flat tires.

Any passionate nationalist is open to a charge of demagoguery. But when he had a chance to earn his martyr's credentials in 1958 by going to jail on a criminal libel charge, Nyerere chose to pay the fine instead, in order to avoid precipitating a crisis for the new colonial governor. Throughout the long transfer of power, he insisted: "We are fighting against colonialism, not against whites."

Because of its friendship with China, Tanzania in years past has run afoul of U.S. policy. "I understand the U.S. as a power with global responsibilities and views," Nyerere said

in 1966. "But what I cannot understand is the policy based on the idea that one way of assuring world peace is to ostracize China. This yellow disease!" (Richard Nixon would now agree.) As for Communism, Nyerere wonders: "What is its application to Africa? How do you preach it in Sukumaland [a district of Tanzania]? In a peasant country, without feudalism, how do you do it? From a distance, Africa may look like a classical Communist situation. But, in reality, it's a Sukumaland situation."

Instead of a proletariat, Tanzania has a tribal communalism that Nyerere believes should be converted to a workable form of self-reliant socialism. Roughly a Fabian Socialist, Nyerere would like to see Tanzania develop an economy similar to Sweden's, with cooperatives that would harmonize mod-



TANZANIA PRESIDENT JULIUS NYERERE
As the tickfly follows the rhino.

ern industry with traditional African tribal life. Above all, he is coaxing and badgering his people into the 20th century—even though some other men who have arrived at that century's high technological reaches sometimes wonder if the trip is entirely worth it. "People tell me," says Nyerere stubbornly, "The Masai are completely happy."

I'm not trying to make them happy. But there is a difference between clean water and dirty water.

Smith suggests Nyerere's special charm: a lucid decency and humor. He tells about a British journalist who supposedly asked Nyerere to rephrase a point in more colorfully African language. "Oh, I don't know," said Nyerere. "You do it. You're good at that sort of thing." The reporter quoted Nyerere as saying that unless African leaders could find ways to meet the aspirations of their people, "we shall fall, as surely as the tickfly follows the rhino," a line widely quoted thereafter. "Not bad," commented Nyerere.

■ Lance Morrow



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The Colonel's Lady

BRING ME A UNICORN: Diaries and Letters of Anne Morrow Lindbergh, 1923-1928

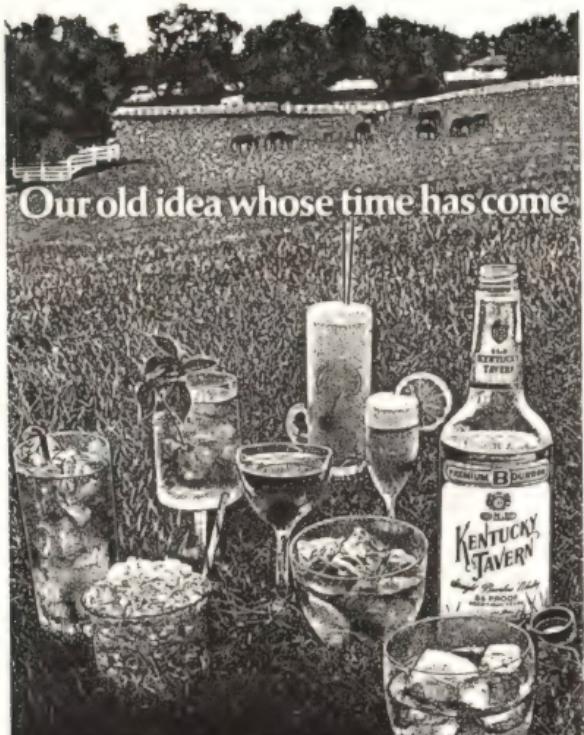
259 pages. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. \$6.95.

Old Friend Corliss Lamont sent round his suggestions for summer reading in Maine—the *Apology*, *Crito*, *Phaedo*, etc. “I haven’t told you about Groton and dear Dwight,” young Anne Morrow writes to her sister from Smith College. “He was so sweet and dear and such fun.” With a certain pleasant gush, these fragments evoke an age—the long-gone innocence of growing up in Englewood, N.J., in an atmosphere of affluent rectitude and Jamesian family tours of the Continent.

Admirers of Mrs. Lindbergh’s style, which tends toward what might be called Ladies’ Magazine Transcendental, will be charmed enough by this sort of thing. Others may read on until they confront footnote to real and romantic history—the meeting of Anne and Charles Lindbergh, who stayed with her father, U.S. Ambassador Dwight Morrow, and the family in Mexico City in 1927 just after “the Lone Eagle’s” famous flight. “What did I expect?” Anne asks her diary. “A regular newspaper hero, the baseball-player type.” What she found was “a tall, slim boy in evening dress—so much more poised than I expected.” Lindbergh, she wrote, “is taller than anyone else—you see his head in a moving crowd and you notice his glance, where it turns, as though it were keener, clearer, brighter than anyone else’s, lit with a more intense fire.”

At first Lindbergh seemed interested only in Anne’s sister Elizabeth. Even in her diary Anne called him Colonel L. She confided unhappily: “I want to be married, but I never, never will.” Certain prides and prejudices needed working out: “He never opens a book, does he? How that separates him from our world. It is hideous to think about—a hideous chasm.” The courtship actually began during a special sightseeing flight, Lindbergh at the controls, which resulted in a characteristically girlish epiphany. “Clouds and stars and birds—I must have been walking with my head down looking at the puddles for 20 years.”

For all her youthful revelations, Mrs. Lindbergh does little to disturb the privacy that she and her husband have always insisted upon. Thus there is only one mild note from Anne to Charles. In the last letter of the book, the author matter of factly tells Corliss Lamont: “Apparently I am going to marry Charles Lindbergh. He has vision and a sense of humor and extraordinarily nice eyes! And that is enough to say now.” ■ L.M.



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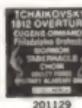
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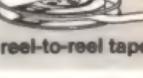
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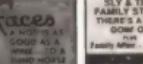
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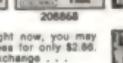
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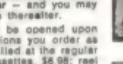
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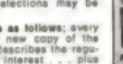
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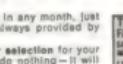
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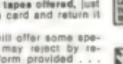
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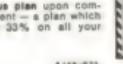
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MILESTONES

Died. Harold J. ("Pie") Traynor, 72, former star third baseman and manager of the Pittsburgh Pirates; of emphysema; in Pittsburgh. Traynor joined the Pirates in 1920, and for the next 17 years his powerful hitting was matched only by his deft fielding at third base. He had a lifetime batting average of .320, drove in more runs than any other Pirate in history (1,273), and in 1948 was elected to baseball's Hall of Fame. In 1969 U.S. sportswriters voted him the best third baseman in baseball history.

Died. Jane Grant, 79, early Women's Liberationist and co-founder of *The New Yorker* magazine; of cancer; in Litchfield, Conn. Though she came to New York with hopes of a musical career, Grant's real talent was as a journalist. She joined the *New York Times* in 1912 and became the paper's first woman general assignment reporter. During World War I she met Harold Ross when he was a private working on *Stars and Stripes*. They married, then combined their resources to form *The New Yorker*. In 1921 she also helped organize the Lucy Stone League to demand, among other things, the legal right of married women to keep their maiden names. Grant herself followed the practice throughout her marriage to Ross and later to William B. Harris, a *FORTUNE* editor.

Died. Zachariah ("Zack") Davis Wheat, 83, Brooklyn Dodger hero for nearly two decades; of a heart attack; in Sedalia, Mo. From his first season as a Dodger in 1909, Wheat's trademarks were a distinctive shimmy in the batter's box and a screaming line drive that earned him the 1918 National League batting title, a lifetime average of .317, and election to baseball's Hall of Fame. Once characterized as "165 lbs. of scrap iron, rawhide and guts," Wheat set team records for total hits (2,804), games played (2,318) and times at bat (8,859). His final home run as a Dodger was hit while he was suffering from a broken ankle; he collapsed while rounding second base. The game was delayed for five minutes while he regained his feet and limped home.

Died. Edmond A. Guggenheim, 84, philanthropist and an heir to one of the largest family fortunes in U.S. history; in Phoenix. The grandson of Meyer Guggenheim, a Swiss immigrant who started with a small knickknack business and built a vast mining and smelting empire. Edmond Guggenheim helped supervise the family's copper holdings throughout the Western hemisphere for nearly half a century. For more than 30 years he also presided over the Murry and Leonie Guggenheim Foundation, which provided free dental care to the poor.

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Vida's Blues

What are the chances of anyone's demanding, and receiving, a 530% raise these days? Not too good—especially when there are Government wage guidelines and a boss like Oakland A's Owner Charles Finley to contend with. Not too good—unless your name is Vida Blue, who last week mounted one of the more imaginative counterattacks in the history of baseball salary disputes. After months of futile negotiations with Finley and a brief disappearance, the 22-year-old pitching star emerged in Oakland to tell a disbelieving news conference that he was retiring to sell bathroom and kitchen fixtures.

Finley has good reason to hope that the announcement was only a ploy. In his first full season, Blue last year fashioned a stunning 24-8 record, posted 301 strikeouts and won both the Cy Young Award as the outstanding pitcher in the American League and the league's Most Valuable Player Award. He provided Finley with an extraordinary return on his salary of \$14,750, and set turnstiles spinning round the league. Well aware of his impact, Blue and his attorney agent, Robert Gerst, asked for \$92,500 this year. Finley refused to go above \$50,000.

Bizarre Proposal. As he explained to newsmen that he intended to take a job as a vice president with Dura Steel Products of suburban Los Angeles, Blue found it hard to keep a straight face. "Come on, guys," he pleaded at one point, "I'm supposed to be serious." He then listed the counterproposals he had made to Finley during the bargaining he had offered to play for \$50,000 with a retroactive bonus agreement; or on a

long-range contract basis with assured increase; or if Finley would allow him to become a free agent at the end of the season. His most bizarre proposal called for the Atlantic-Richfield Co. to boost his income by paying him \$42,500 to do a gas station commercial with Finley.

All of this is baseball theater at its most entertaining, but it still is likely that Finley and Blue will reach some sort of agreement. The next question is: Will there be a baseball season for Vida to pitch in? By week's end, 13 major league teams had voted, most of them unanimously, to approve some form of strike before the season begins—if the owners do not kick in at least an additional \$10 million for the players' pension and medical-care funds.

Anyone for Agraorak?

As the second biennial Arctic Winter Games got under way this month in Whitehorse, Yukon Territory, it became painfully clear that the organization of the event left something to be desired. Take the case of Simon Too-koome, the Northwest Territories' leading *ipirautaqturniq* (precision whip flicking) virtuoso. Not only did Too-koome have no competition in his specialty, but the games committee was not even certain that another whip maestro had been invited. For his part, Too-koome left his sealskin whip at home in Baker Lake. But resourcefulness, as much as *ipirautaqturniq*, is the name of the game. Improvising a whip from a length of rope, Too-koome put on a crackling display highlighted by the extraction of a toothpick from the sole of an assistant's boot at 25 ft.

Some might call the noncompetitive performance a hollow triumph, native sports do not even call for medals. There are, however, gold, silver and bronze ills (medals shaped like the Eskimo whale-skinning knife) for individual and team winners in such conventional sports as cross-country skiing, figure skating, basketball, ice hockey and table tennis. The combination of exotic native feats and intense territorial rivalry have made the games the liveliest sporting event north of the 60th parallel.

Ear Pull. While there was no one to stand up to Too-koome in *ipirautaqturniq*, there was competition aplenty in *agraorak* and *natukataak*. Mickey Gordon, 23, an Eskimo from Inuvik, and Reggie Joule, a sophomore at the University of Alaska, battled for honors in *agraorak*. The event consists of trying to kick a sealskin ball dangling from a pole. Kicking furiously aloft, Gordon came within a toe of breaking his own world record of 8 ft. 2 in. Joule—all 5 ft. 5 in. of him—performed just as brilliantly, though it must be remem-



ARM-PULL CONTESTANTS BATTING
Games of pain.

bered that *agraorak* is not his forte. Joule is the world champion in *natukataak*, in which contestants bounce on a walrus hide held fireman-style by two dozen assistants. Joule bounced to within inches of the ceiling in the town's gymnasium but later confessed that he does not really know what determines a winner in his chosen sport. "I think it has something to do with height and form," he said.

Many of the native contests held at Whitehorse evolved from the self-torture games devised by the Eskimos long ago. Explains Roger Kunayak, another University of Alaska student: "The traditional Eskimo life included lots of pain—hunger, cold, frozen ears. So Indians would torture ourselves to get used to the pain." To drive home his point, Kunayak swept the field in his own fearful event, the knuckle hop, by hopping 40 ft. on his toes and knuckles. Other such tests of mettle include the finger pull (two combatants locking middle fingers and pulling until one holds) and the ear pull, in which the toughest ears in the Arctic are wound with cord and pitted against each other in a tug of war.

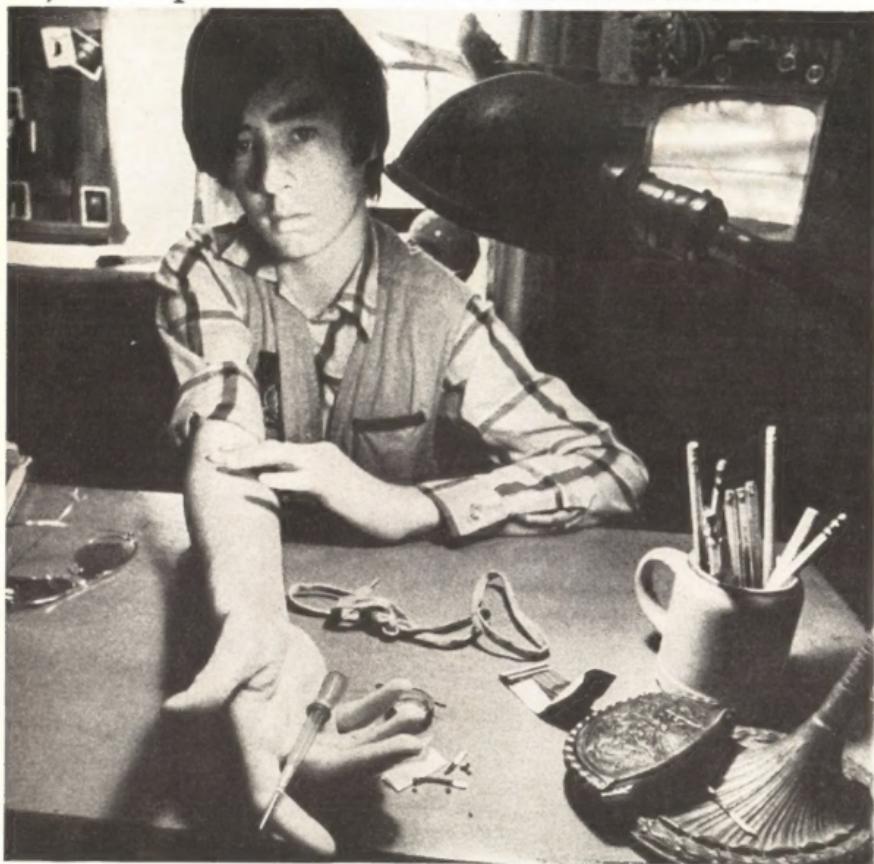
Botch. The Arctic Games were inspired by the abysmal performances of the athletes from the Yukon and Northwest Territories in conventional sports at the Canada Winter Games held in Quebec City in 1967. Says Lou LeFaive, director of Sports Canada: "The idea was to provide a level of competition that would enable Northerners to develop skills at a rate more compatible with that in the South." Native events were included to add to the fun.

The games at Whitehorse proved that the quality of play in the Northern provinces has measurably improved. The same cannot be said for the advance planning of the Northerners—especially those at Baker Lake. Too-koome's lapse aside, the townsfolk made rather a botch of things in the *ak-sunuiqutq* (trope gymnastics). In place of their gymnastics team, they inexplicably dispatched an old Eskimo drum dancer—without her drum.

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CINEMA

Truth and Consequences

THE SORROW AND THE PITY

Directed by MARCEL OPHULS

Screenplay by MARCEL OPHULS

and ANDRÉ HARRIS

This epic newsreel and marathon talk show about the fall of France lasts four and one-half hours. Not one second of it is boring. There are moments, though, when a viewer wonders just where it may all be heading.

"I never saw the Germans," says one Frenchman. Says another: "I saw too many." Former Premier Pierre Mendès-France flashes on-screen recalling, in 1969, that during the 1939 "phony war," Paris ladies actually raised money for planting rose bushes along the Maginot Line—to reduce the ennui of the poilus stationed there. German newsreel footage switches from scenes of fresh, blond Wehrmacht soldiers

swinging through France in 1940 to captured black French colonial troops, as a Nazi propaganda sound track mockingly quotes Neville Chamberlain: "We and our allies are the guardians of civilization against barbarism." What was your profoundest concern? a voice inquires of a now middle-aged French pharmacist who lived through the Occupation. Instead of Resistance rhetoric, the reply comes back "Eating! Eating!"

There are other rawly juxtaposed scenes: smiling French stars like Danielle Darrieux heading for Berlin to make films for the conquerors; an SS general being cordially greeted in Paris. Such things reveal one edge of Director Marcel Ophuls' purpose: anti-heroes. He tries to puncture the bourgeois myth—or protectively askew memory—that allows France generally to act as if hardly any Frenchmen collaborated with the Germans. *The Sorrow and the Pity* does that with a vengeance, but the bare facts of such an exposé are hardly news. Happily, Ophuls, the son of noted Director Max Ophuls, also has broader, less partisan aims.

Clermont-Ferrand, a middle-size Auvergnat city not far from Vichy, gradually emerges as Ophuls' microcosm for Occupied France. The film never stops shifting from them to now, with dramatic scenes often commented upon retrospectively by generals and statesmen who took part. But the camera returns again and again to a cast of Clermont-Ferrand residents, presenting their painful, fragmented, cumulative remembrance of things past. Mendès-France was imprisoned in the city before escaping to join De Gaulle. He discusses the convulsions of Anglophobic, anti-Semitic and antidemocratic feeling that after the debacle helped Frenchmen blame everyone but themselves for defeat. He also tells of his charade of a trial by Pétainist judges, before which he announced: "I am a Jew. I am a Freemason, but I am not a deserter; now let the trial begin."

Persecution. Like Mendès, Anthoony Eden appears several times. Silver-haired, almost ethereal now, exuding infinite regret, he fills in details about Britain's efforts to keep its ally from collapse. Still, he can say: "No one who has not lived through an occupation by Germany can possibly judge."

Ophuls, clearly, does not agree. Neither will the exhausted audience when the film is through, especially as regards the wholesale persecution of Jews by the Vichy government, and the brutal reprisals against "collaborators" and private enemies after the liberation. It is hard to watch the film, though, without wondering how one would have behaved in such fearful circumstances. Like a novelist, Ophuls so persistently catches human particulars that a viewer identifies with the trimmers and villains as

well as with the few heroes who appear.

Ophuls' interviewers use extraordinary tact and intelligence. With ordinary people—the shopkeepers, former spies, pharmacists, German soldiers, lawyers, biologists, hairdressers—they steadily expose those jagged, apparently inconsequential motivations that can lead a man either way in a private crisis. One Resistance hero is proudest not of his deeds but of the fact that in the underground he lived for the first time in a classless society. Another remembers that he was pricked toward action because the Germans got all the steak in Clermont-Ferrand restaurants.

Black Sheep. Perhaps the most remarkable character interviewed is Christian de la Mazière, an aristocrat who, like many another young idealist, loathed the sordid confusion of French politics. He swallowed revolutionary ideology whole, and of the two forms possible to him in 1940—Communism or the Germans' national socialism—he chose the latter. This film follows De la Mazière all the way to the Eastern front where, in the uniform of the Waffen SS as part of the infamous Charlemagne division, he fought against the Russians. Rueful, logical, charming, ready to regret but not to grovel, French to his fingertips, De la Mazière, despite what he did, finally seems a sympathetic and even scrupulous man whose experience adds a small human dimension to a chilling chapter of history.

The Sorrow and the Pity was both a success and a scandal in France. The national television network refused to show it, but the film became a hit in moviehouses. It can be argued that Ophuls is somewhat unfair to the Resistance (there probably were more fighters than the film suggests), and to the majority of Frenchmen, who gave the underground more informal help elsewhere in France than they did in the vicinity of Vichy. But *Sorrow's* subliminal message seems unexceptionable: in crisis, men tend to be self-protective, self-delusional, brave, cowardly, cruel, confused and dangerous; organized hatred and apocalyptic ideology are to be avoided at all costs.

U.S. audiences are more likely to appreciate *Sorrow's* artistic and intellectual triumph now than might have been the case a decade ago. We have lately lived through a period when the question of individual moral choice became a national anguish. Here, as in Occupied France, those who were comfortably fixed often took refuge in inertia and the hope that the whole thing would somehow go away. In 1972 Americans may find haunting the ravaged face and words of Emmanuel d'Astier de la Vigerie, a black-sheep aristocrat who helped found the liberation movement. "I think," he admits at one point, "that you joined the Resistance only if you were in some way maladjusted." Then he adds, "But of course if you always adjust to everything you are not a very attractive person."

■ Timothy Foote





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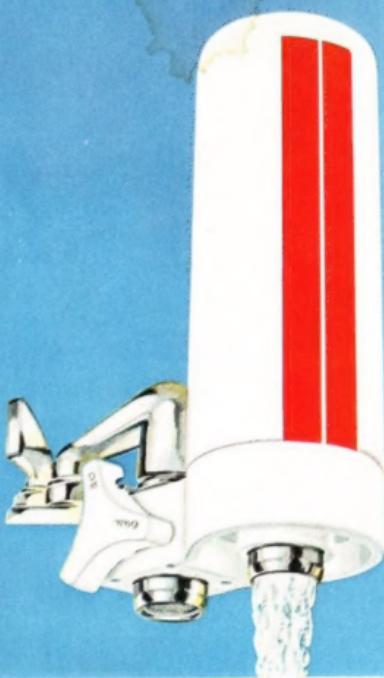
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